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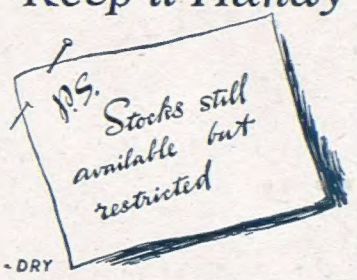

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Volume CLXXVI No. 2295 The SPHERE, London, January 15, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

HOW THE R.A.F. BOMB BY NIGHT: A WONDERFUL IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT TOWN OF STETTIN, Germany's largest Baltic port, as it was illuminated by flares dropped by Pathfinders for the big attack on the night of January 5-6

Stettin is not only the largest German port on the Baltic; it is also the key supply centre for the German armies fighting on the North Russian fronts. On the night of Wednesday, January 5-6, a great force of Lancasters attacked the town and port and dropped more than 1,000 tons of bombs. The assault was made in clear weather conditions and in brilliant moonlight. The striking picture reproduced above has been issued by the Air Ministry to show how the R.A.F. can attack—even at night—with the utmost precision. As is now usual during big attacks, the Pathfinders went in first, to illumine the target for the big force of bombers following in their wake. Their flares threw up the whole of the city in the clearest relief. Coupled with the moon, with the snow lying on the roofs of the houses, and with the flares, the central portion of Stettin was thrown up almost as if by daylight. Before the R.A.F. attacked a feint had been made towards Berlin, thus drawing off the defending Nazi fighters: fighter opposition over Stettin itself was, therefore, negligible during the early stages of the attack, and only fifteen bombers were lost as the result of the night's work. Bomber crews reported that they left the target "well alight," with smoke rising to 12,000 ft. Later reports indicated that the flow of German supplies to Russia has been gravely impeded. The broad dark band running from left to right in the picture above is the River Oder

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 228

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The Polish Frontier.—

The Russian shells are dropping now on territory which is not Russian. On a section of the vast Russian front, one part of Stalin's tremendous pledge is accomplished. The Nazis have been kicked bag and baggage out of Russian territory. Much has been done, and much remains to do. At this frontier of Poland, Berlin is nearer to the fighting line than is Moscow—a fact which, if it encourage, may yet handicap the victorious advance. It hits both ways, but no military historian will underrate the moral value to the Russians of this (so little while back) unbelievable accomplishment. There are still three full months of the best weather for winter campaigning in which the Russians are always masters. Between now and April, it is not too much to hope that all Russian territory will be free from the infection of Nazi occupation. Between now and April the Nazi armies on a shortened line may be so reduced in strength as to find the holding of it no easier than their present serpentine. Before April there are imponderably larger possibilities. . . . The war draws near the Balkans and the Baltic and the Climax.

The Polish Problem.—

Poland, ravished, bleeding, suffering, with a record of oppression and injustice and uncertainty and trial which few countries in Europe can rival, is still, and more than ever, territory on which angels should fear to tread. That this juncture of the Russian advance to the Polish frontier must reawaken in every Polish heart national aspirations, and all the doubts and hopes and modern and ancient instances in the long, tragic history of Poland, is obvious and inevitable. To expect the tremendous moment to come and go in silence is to expect too much. Nevertheless, there are things which cannot be said, occasions when words are incapable of striking a fair balance between the cons of speech and the pros of silence. From the day this war started, the shadow of that ultimate redrawing of the map of Europe began to grin like a Satanic imp over the shoulders of the allied leaders. That shadow remains, despite Atlantic charters and African and Teheran conferences. The leaders of the chief allied Powers have their hands full enough to-day with the problem of beating Hitler. Could anything justify (one might argue) adding another straw to the load on their shoulders? But patience and restraint come easiest to those who have faith—in Providence or in human nature. And Poland has no good grounds for faith in the one or the other. It is, indeed, ground which warns off Solomon and all the angels. And yet a man may venture to think that even for the Poles, in their uncertainty and torment, one issue should be clear as crystal, so clear that it could not conceivably be even considered in the light of a "bargaining counter"—the first priority is to rid all Poland of the Nazi infection, and questions of "more or less" in Poland's limited and gallant means to co-opérate in this supreme task cannot conceivably arise, and should never, even by hints, be admitted to exist.

Long-term Policy.—

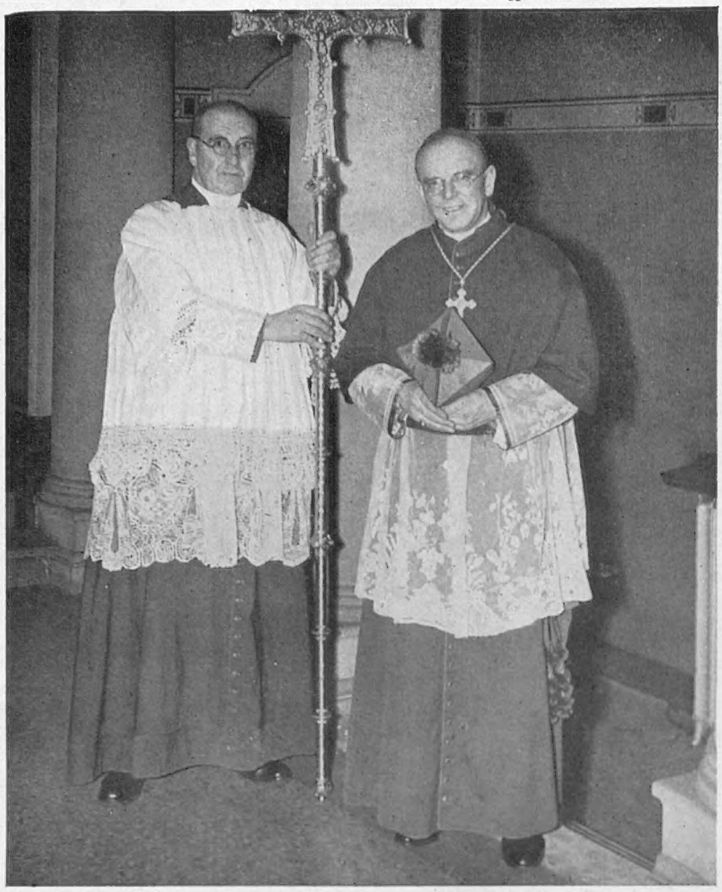
I have never felt any doubt in my mind that the policy of non-stop bombing of German centres of industry is (in its most important aspect) a longer-term policy than most people even now suppose. The authorities often speak of it as a "long-term" policy, implying that the full fruits of the destruction are not to be picked at once. Rather, that the decline in Nazi output must be gradual and the full effect only to be estimable periodically when a dozen causes have trickled downwards to join the receding flood (e.g., the bombing of ball-bearing plants will not instantly, but in due course will, adversely affect the output of all war weapons which need ball-bearings). This is all true and all important. Yet it may be argued that a psychological aspect of the bombing (not directly concerned with current morale) transcends in importance this object of bombing and, in an historical sense, gives the policy a far longer term and even more important value. It looks far beyond this war into the future. The aggressor nations of 1939 were those nations in Europe and the East which had tasted least the bitterness of the physical ravages of modern war. Germany and Japan had after the last war no experience of the ravages of war in their own cities; Italy very little indeed. France and Belgium, on the other hand, had searing experiences of what it meant, and those memories and experiences unquestionably directed the between-wars attitude of those countries to war. War was total evil. To-day or to-morrow the total evil of war will have been brought home to Germany and Japan, as already to Italy. I think there is no aspect of the destruction of Berlin, Hamburg and the Ruhr which is one-half as important as this. Ultimately, it is war, not a war, which must be liquidated.

"To Be or Not to Be."—

We can with remarkable accuracy fill in the details of arguments present to-day in the mind of a citizen of Berlin. They differ little from those which puzzled the mind of Hamlet:

"To be or not to be: that is the question,
Whether 'tis wiser on the whole to suffer
The slings and arrows of advancing Russia
Or to take arms against the Nazi tyrant
And by opposing end them? To wait, to act:
No more; and by revolt to say we end
The heartache and the thousand fearful shocks
This land is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To sleep or wake?
To wake to action now? Aye, there 's the rub:
For in that wakening what ills may come
When we have shuffled off this Nazi coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor's wrong, the proud men's contumely,
The bombs of despised foes, the war's delays,
The insolence of office and the lies
That patient Germans of the unworthy take,
When he himself might his quietus gain
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something afterwards,
From that dread Soviet country from whose bourn
No sons of ours return, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of . . . ?
Thus Goebbels does make cowards of us all."

I at least have no doubt in my mind that, thirty years on, if an old man with an umbrella should fly to Berlin to plead for peace at any price, its citizens would do more than politely cheer him. But in saying that, I assume the Allies *this* time would not be such fools as to bank on it.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, THE VERY REVEREND BERNARD GRIFFIN: This is the first picture of Cardinal Hinsley's successor to be taken within the Cathedral precincts, just after he had met the Provost and Chapter of Canons. With him is Canon J. Collings, Master of Ceremonies. The new Archbishop is forty-four years of age and he comes to London from Birmingham: he is to be enthroned on January 18 as Sixth Archbishop of Westminster

"Talking of Jane."—

I have been listening with a great deal of pleasure to Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern, and with a sense of humility, too. It is impossible to be irritated by two such enthusiastic Janeites, and equally impossible for a beginner to dispute with them their findings on (what they regard as) the Big Five. I am one of those vulgar low-brows, caught by "fairy-tales," who still obstinately place *P. and P.* in a class by itself. That is why I read it every year, finding new nuggets with every reading. Because with *P. and P.* I am "by no means a beginner," I do venture to cross swords with S. K.-S. in her summing up of this novel and her relegation of it to the bottom of the list. What she says of Darcy's insulting proposal to Elizabeth and of his hardly less insulting letter is, indeed, sound sense. His conduct is not true to nature. Can it be explained as an expedient of art? I think the true answer is to be found in the first chapter of Volume III, when Darcy appears on the scene in the visit to Pemberley. That moment opens for me the most magic casement in this novel and in all fiction literature. From this time on Darcy and Elizabeth emerge as two young people desperately in love, purged of all dross and doubt and convention. To produce such a Darcy there and then, Art would permit any expedient to twist his character earlier. No doubt, it is presumptuous for an amateur to fence with a professional. I am emboldened by the discovery that even Homer nods. These ladies are capable of error. Often as they have read *P. and P.*, they must read it again! In their Quiz, they ask the maiden name of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. On page 182 they give the answer as *Darcy!* Come, ladies. What is your authority? Her sister, Lady Anne, married Darcy the Elder. I fancy their maiden name was Fitzwilliam, and that they were daughters of the Earl of ——. (A curious choice for the tactful Jane to make, for at that time there were living several Ladies Fitzwilliam, the unmarried daughters of the 3rd Earl Fitzwilliam.) Now, ladies, open your defence!

Democracy in H.G.—

Three years ago two great fighting forces (in different degrees of size and efficiency) were held up to us as the "most democratic" armies in all history. The Red Army and . . . the Home Guard of Britain. (There are many different definitions of democracy.) They tell me that to-day the Russian officer class is a caste of Privilege which rivals in privilege and pride the great days of the Prussian officer class in Imperial Germany (but no doubt without any of its abuses of privilege). In the Home Guard of Britain in 1940 (and still), dukes and dustmen, labourers and lords, ex-proconsuls and farm-hands, drilled and kept watch together as brothers-in-arms. It was a noble, liberal spirit which launched, and has carried to notable efficiency, this citizen army of defence. What a chance was here to prove our claim to be a truly democratic people! Was it taken? It was not. It is a small matter, and not one for cavilling and criticism. Yet I could wish that that complicated, contentious and sometimes tiresome business of complimentary rewards (as opposed to immediate awards for bravery) could have been so adjusted *vis-à-vis* the Home Guard that (if the rule of "no complimentary awards whatever" appeared too ungracious to be maintained) the same complimentary distinction could have been conferred alike on Colonel and private. Efficiency, differences of rank are intellectually, administratively, socially, practically, non-existent and meaningless. These two instances are curiously revealing. There was a phase in the conduct of Cromwell's model army which supplies a third instance to prove that militarism and democracy are still contradictory terms. Yet I believe that, in spirit and practice, in the ranks of our fighting armies to-day, a new democratic ideal does indeed flourish.

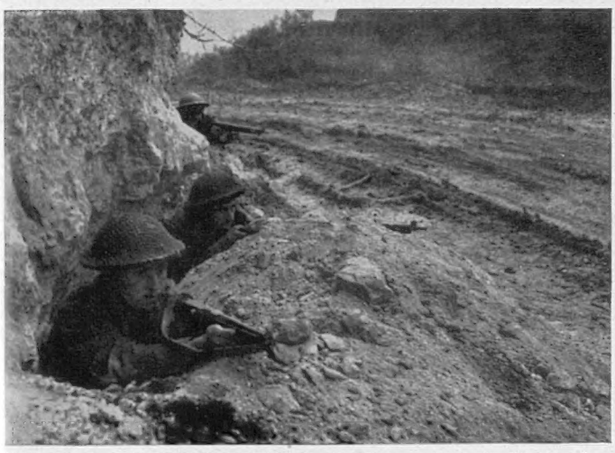
THE OLD STAGER

THE BATTLE FOR ORTONA

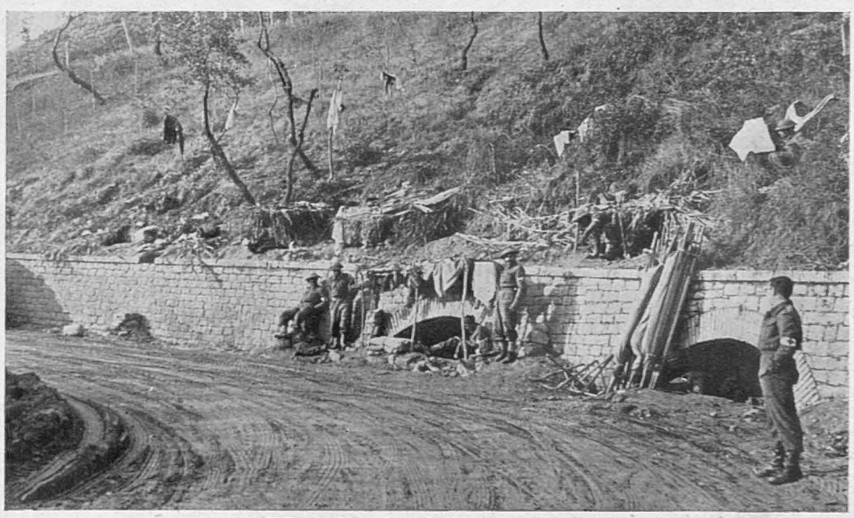
Scenes Before and During its Capture by the Eighth Army (See also pp. 78-79 of this issue)

TANK OPERATIONS IN THE TOWN WERE HELD UP by a mine exploding in the main street. Lieut. P. R. V. Carr-Harris, R.C.E., explains the situation to Captain Blair

CANADIANS MOVING UP UNDER COVER 100 yards from the town to probe the enemy's defences in Ortona. The entrance was heavily mined and protected by machine-gun nests and snipers. The town was finally taken on December 28



MEN OF A CANADIAN REGIMENT in hastily constructed slit trenches at the cross-roads outside Ortona, waiting for the signs of the German counter-attack



THE AREA IN FRONT OF THE ORTONA-ORSOGNA ROAD. Indian Medical Service men, waiting for casualties, use roadside culverts for precautionary cover against shell-fire. This sector was in the thick of the fighting

TANKS PREPARE TO FIRE ON A SNIPER'S NEST IN THE TOWN. On the extreme right of the picture an Allied officer is preparing to direct their fire

WHAT DAYS OF STREET-FIGHTING WITH MODERN WEAPONS CAN DO TO A TOWN. Hardly a building stands intact in Ortona, where the Germans were driven out street by street and house by house

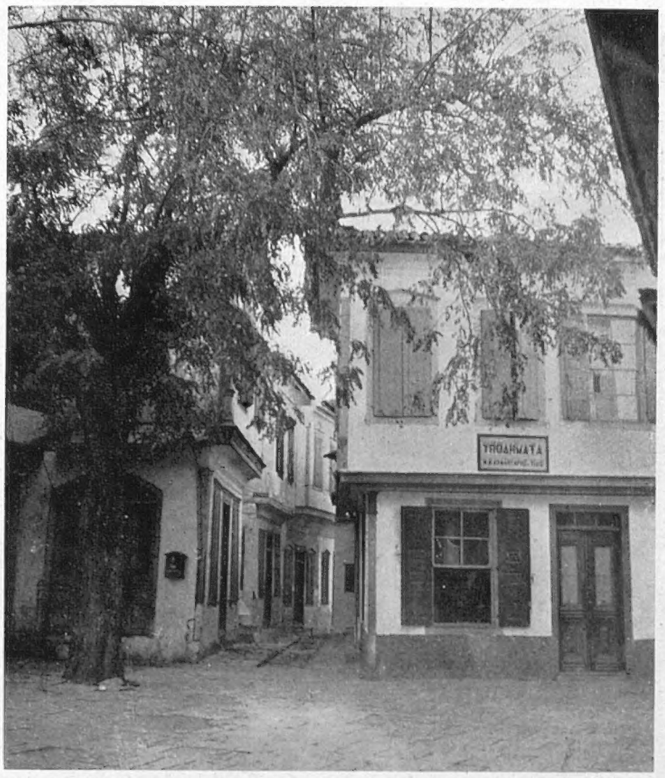
THE WEATHER TAKES A HAND: Artillery and men are immobilised after torrential rains had caused the River Moro to overflow its banks. The batteries seen here had been used for the barrage on Ortona before its fall

Before Ortona fell to the Eighth Army on December 28, a seven-day battle was fought by Canadian troops against house-to-house resistance by the Germans. The action opened at about 11 a.m. on the morning of December 22, when tanks opened their attack on concealed machine-gun positions in the main square. Further progress became more difficult as debris from damaged buildings crashed into the streets. Until December 28 the two armies were locked in a stalemate battle, consisting largely of sniping and mortar and artillery duels. The special training which the Canadians had undergone in street-fighting in England finally won the day, although the tanks had to make their last advance through fire jets from portable flame-throwers which the Germans had brought up. The pictures reproduced above give some idea of what the town of Ortona looked like during this seven-day battle

AFTER the FALL of LEROS in the AEGEAN

Ten Thousand People from the Island of Samos are Successfully Evacuated under the very Nose of the Germans

THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT FRAIL, TIMBER HOUSES OF VATHY, the capital of the island, collapsed like houses of cards under the rain of bombs showered down by the "Luftwaffe" on a defenceless "sitting target"



A PICTURESQUE STREET IN VATHY BEFORE THE BLOW. About one-fifth of the houses in the town were destroyed. In Tigano, second port of the island, every house was razed to the ground

AS THE BOMBING PLANES OF THE "LUFTWAFFE" COME OVER, the citizens of Vathy run to take shelter among the mountains. There were no defences on the island and the bombers thoroughly enjoyed their work

PLANNING THE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE ISLAND OF SAMOS. The officer on the left, a former tennis champion, was largely responsible for the success of the evacuation

GREEK CITIZENS OF VATHY, on the island of Leros, already wounded, stand under the illusory shelter provided by a few trees as the Germans rain down bombs on their unprotected capital

After the fall of Leros (the island in the Dodecanese captured by the Germans after a similar fate had befallen Cos), the Aegean island of Samos was left defenceless: surrounded by enemy-occupied islands, it fell a prey to the *Luftwaffe*. The beautiful old capital of Vathy, between the hills and the harbour, was subjected to two hours of concentrated bombing, in the course of which the civilian casualties were very high. It was a long time since the *Luftwaffe* had had such a "sitting target," and they made the most of it. Nevertheless, some 10,000 souls were safely evacuated from this island by caique. Not only were Greek civilians brought off, but all the British troops, the Greek "Sacred Squadron" and about 4,500 Italians: this, in spite of the necessity for working at night only, the enemy's command of the sea and sky, the speed with which the withdrawal had to be effected and the difficulty of assembling a fleet of caiques at such short notice. Had E-boats been operating in the harbour in co-operation with the *Luftwaffe* bombers, a disastrous situation would have been created for the Allies. They did not come, however, and a minor miracle of evacuation was accomplished

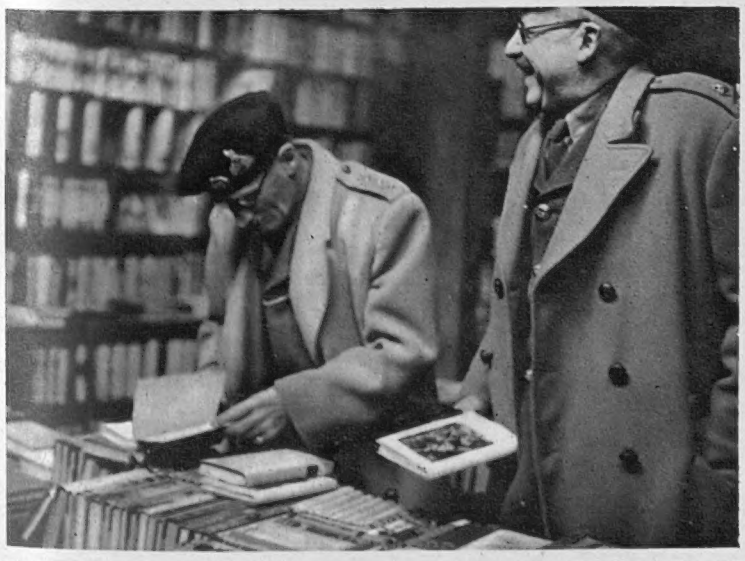
A NATIONAL HERO: GENERAL MONTGOMERY IN LONDON

GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY leaves his London hotel for the War Office wearing his familiar battle-dress and black beret with two badges

Britain in general, and London in particular, have determined to make a national hero out of General Sir Bernard Montgomery. The last time he visited this country—although his visit was officially a "secret"—great crowds gathered to greet his rare public appearances (as recorded shortly afterwards in these pages). Now that he is back, to take over command of the British Army groups being assembled for the invasion of the Continent, Londoners have again been turning out in force to cheer him—outside his hotel, at the theatre, in the West End, and in Whitehall. Habitually dressed in his familiar black beret with two badges and battle-dress uniform, General Montgomery is an unmistakable figure wherever he appears

BIG CROWDS HAVE AWAITED GENERAL MONTGOMERY wherever he is thought to be going. This picture was taken just as a crowd in Whitehall were rewarded by a glimpse of the General as he went to keep an appointment at the War Office

THE GENERAL'S CAR SEEMS TO BE WELL KNOWN TO LONDONERS. As he passed through St. James's Square, a number of people recognised him and greeted him with affectionate demonstrativeness



THE GENERAL GOES SHOPPING. Soon after his return to London, General Montgomery took a day off to visit the shops. Here he is choosing a number of new books at a well-known West End store. One of them was Lord Wavell's volume on "Allenby in Egypt." Note the spectacles worn for reading purposes

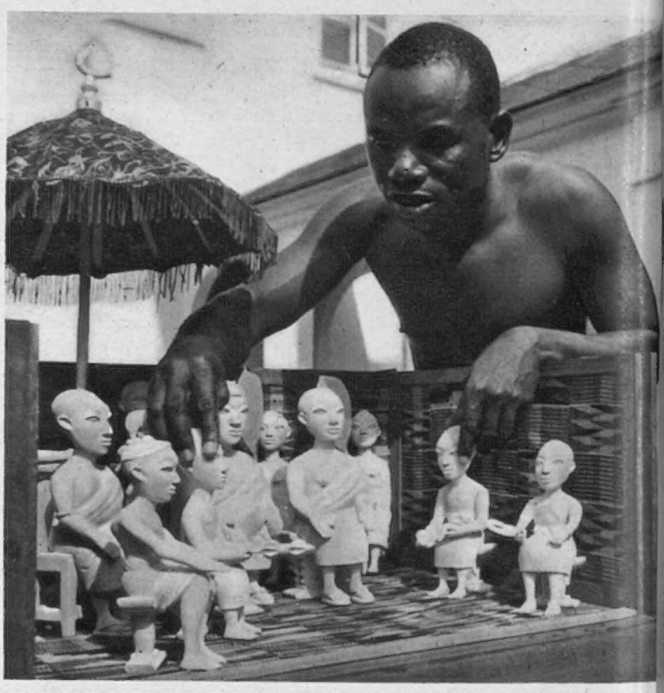
AT THE THEATRE WITH HIS SON DAVID: A picture taken at the Palace Theatre, where the General and Master Montgomery attended a performance of "Something in the Air." David is a schoolboy at Winchester, but he has been staying with his father at a London hotel. The audience at the theatre gave a vociferous reception to the great Army Commander

THE MEN WHO DIRECTED THE AMERICAN VICTORY AT TARAWA ISLAND, in the Gilberts. These three Marine officers were in charge of the costly, but successful, attacks against the Japs during the invasion of the Gilbert Islands, in the Central Pacific. When this picture was taken, they were conferring after the battle, still unshaven and dressed in the working uniform of the Marines they led in the action. They are, from left to right, Brig.-General Thomas E. Bourke, Divisional Artillery Officer and Commander of the Artillery Regiment; Colonel Merritt A. Edson, Chief of Staff of the Second Marine Division; and Major-General Julian C. Smith, Divisional Commander of the Second Marine Division (see also pp. 84-85 of this issue)

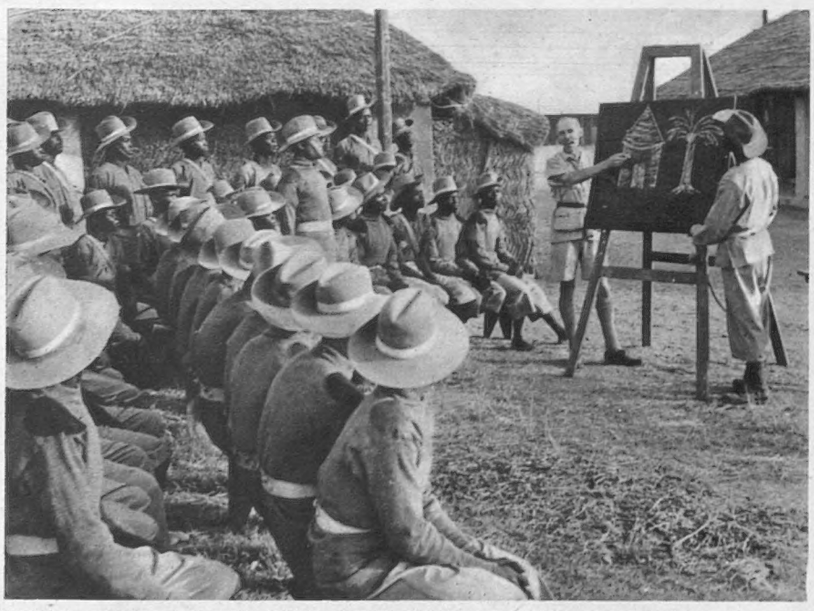
PICTURES FROM THE WORLD'S MANY BATTLE AREAS

A SEA RESCUE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. The look-out aboard a sailing-ship in the Eastern Mediterranean recently sighted a small boat bobbing off her port bow. Coming closer, he made out the shape of a dinghy, with men aboard paddling feebly towards his own vessel. They were picked up and found to be two Italians and three Greeks, who had spent eighteen hours in their small craft before being rescued

GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S SON RIDES IN AN AMERICAN TANK: Captain Chiang Wei-Kuo (on left), of the Chinese Army, is the son of the Generalissimo; he is here seen with another Chinese officer at a training centre where American tanks are used. Tanks, guns and other equipment have been turned over in quantity to the Chinese by the United States, for use in the operations against the Japs on the mainland of Asia

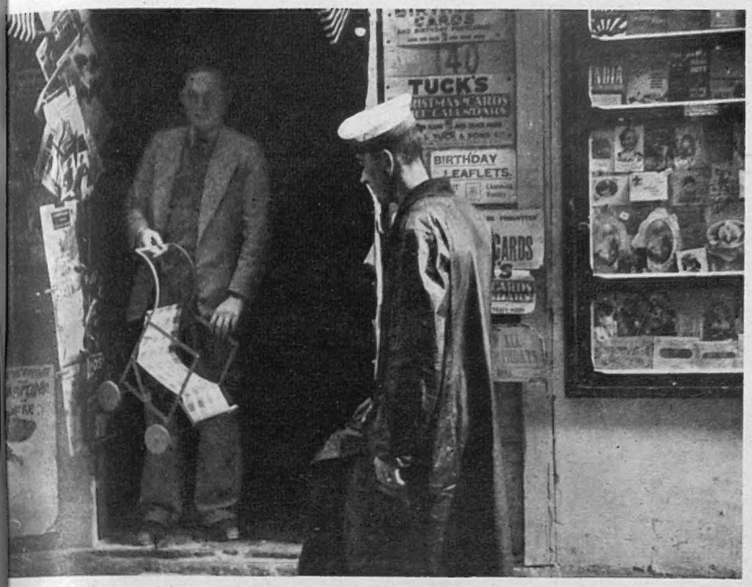


LORD SWINTON SENDS A GIFT OF AFRICAN CARVINGS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT The Resident Minister in British West Africa has sent a set of fine African carvings to President Roosevelt as a memento of their meeting on British West African territory shortly after the Casablanca Conference. President Roosevelt wrote back thanking Lord Swinton for "the unique souvenir of Africa." He said that the group of Seven wood-carvings, representing the head chief of an Ashanti Division and his followers, would go with him in his duties of Head Chief. The African carver is Mr. Osei Bonsu, carver to the Asantehene (Chief of Ashanti Confederacy), who has agreed to become carving instructor in the School of Arts and Crafts at Achimota College. Mr. Osei Bonsu comes of a family of carvers: his father was a carver of drums to the Asantehene. The box in which the carvings were sent was lined with fine Adweneasa cloth, woven on native looms by an Ashanti weaver. The design is one of the best known in Ashanti and weavers who can make it are masters of their craft. At one time the Kings of Ashanti only were entitled to wear this pattern cloth. Princess Mary was given a cloth of this design at her wedding



NIGERIAN SAPPERS FOR THE ROYAL WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE being enlisted at Bukuru, in Northern Nigeria: These men mostly come from mines and farms. The Royal West African Frontier Force has much to offer them, and there is never any lack of recruits. Army Trade Schools have been set up to train Africans in a trade which will be of use to them when they leave the Army. The recruits are volunteers, and are trained as fighting soldiers before being taught a trade. When qualified, they receive trade pay. All are taught to speak English. Of fine physique, they average 6 ft. in height and (like most Africans) can stand long exposure to the heat and humidity of the tropics. The West African likes to carry any load on his head. Loads weighing up to 80 lb. can be carried great distances without distress. The picture reproduced above shows some of the recruits learning to speak English at the Engineer Training Centre, Bukuru, Northern Nigeria. Their instructor is a missionary of the Sudan Interior Missions, who has a great knowledge of the country and its people. The method employed is to draw on the blackboard simple and familiar objects and then give the class the English name. Each recruit then repeats it several times

AFRICAN RECRUITS TRYING ON THEIR ARMY BOOTS for the first time. This is a great occasion, as most of them have never previously owned a pair



LIFE IN MALTA TO-DAY: *On left*—A British soldier, knowing that toys are scarce at home, sees what he can buy for his children in England. One can see from this picture how "English" Malta really is—note, for instance, the English magazines displayed on the left, the cards offered for sale in the shop window and the string of advertisement notices by the shop entrance. *On right*—Maltese buying up oranges and lemons which have been imported from Sicily since the Allied occupation of that Italian island

AN IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT BRITISH STRONGHOLD AT THE WESTERN END OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: Ships' searchlights flood-lighting the harbour at Gibraltar by night and illuminating the great concourse of Allied shipping lying there

At one time subjected to heavy assaults from the air, when the enemy was still in possession of Corsica, Sardinia and Sicily, to-day Gibraltar enjoys comparative peace. It is, nevertheless, a source of constant anxiety to the Germans, whose spies are always watching, and reporting on, the movements of warships and merchantmen around the harbour. Gibraltar is the barometer of the Mediterranean: westbound and eastbound Allied vessels all pass this spot. And, of course, in German eyes, it is a focal point for the coming Mediterranean invasion concentrations. The harbour has now a strategic importance greater than ever before. That it should be possible to illuminate it by night in this fashion is an indication of the present Allied ascendancy in the Mediterranean theatre of war

W.A.C.s. AMONG THE NORTH AFRICAN SURF: These three girls are ascending the steps leading from the Mediterranean Sea to their "tent city", which is enclosed within a barbed-wire barricade, after a bathe in the surf. They are members of the only American W.A.C. contingent permanently quartered in tents along the North African coast

SISTER LANGRIDGE HAS A BUSY DAY—one of many during her work at a British General Hospital in North Africa: Nursing Officer Molly Langridge, of Rongai, Kenya Colony (formerly of Petworth, Sussex), is a Q.A.I.M.N.S. Sister, with a job in a surgical ward of a British General Hospital in North Africa. She lives hard—under canvas in the heat of the summer, and in the chilly winter rainy season—and she works hard, at one of the most responsible and arduous jobs done by women at war. Up at seven, she washes in a canvas pail of cold water carried by herself, breakfasts and is on duty at eight. She does a nine-hour working day, making her patients comfortable, keeping their records, preparing dressings, and seeing that they get the prescribed diets. She has three jobs to be attended to at any given time during her on-duty period. During her three hours off duty, she does her personal chores, plays a strenuous game of tennis or hockey, swims and—a favourite pastime—looks at the shops. She took the part of Frankie in the play, *George and Margaret*, given by the General Hospital Players, and was a great success as an amateur actress

THE UNITED NATIONS MUST PURGE THE "GERMANS ABROAD"

An After-the-War Problem Concerning the Host of Nazi Propagandists Still Working in All Parts of the World

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

ENDLESS discourse revolves round what the Allies should do with the people of Germany. From boycotting the lot, to decentralisation, re-educating the young and extirpating Nazism, the gamut of debate is complete. It has been left to a Nazi leader to remind us that there will be a second problem of "Germans Abroad."

Ernst Bohle, late of Bradford and South Africa, is the man we have to thank for recalling to our minds these Nazi-conditioned Germans all over the world, who responded to their Führer with the Fifth Column, and will still be an ubiquitous force at the cease-fire. Bohle, a member of Hitler's inner Cabinet, is a brand of super-Gauleiter who penetrates wherever Germans are.

"Germans living abroad," he said in a broadcast, "are exposed to a shattering nerve war. They are mostly living in surroundings hostile to them. They must strengthen their fanatical belief in Hitler and their loyalty to the Reich."

That Bohle's "Germans Abroad" should have got especially busy at the present critical juncture of the war for Germany is understandable. What surprises is the power and hold they still exert, considering Germany's certain fate. It only shows that Nazidom will die awfully hard round the world. In South America, the Nazis hope for nothing less than a vast continuance of their abroad by fixed policy so that they should "convert" and take command of all Germans in their path. A great number of the proselytised are only less Nazi than their mentors.

In 1937 (year to remember in this business) Bohle directed from Stuttgart, named by Hitler "The Capital of Germans Abroad," over 30,000 Nazi groups in foreign countries, and the whole-hogging obedience that his army of agents implanted hit the world like a thunderbolt in April 1940. Thereafter, in whatever country the Blitzkrieg struck, local Germans responded like clockwork, and they were to do much the same in most other quarters which didn't have any Blitzkrieg. Even should most of the older Germans Abroad genuinely abjure Nazism, there will remain a wide residue of frustrated Hilterites among the younger elements and in the ranks of Nazi-directed emigrants of the '30's. Above all, there will be the 25,000 direct agents who were exported by Bohle, or his predecessor, Hess, under a collection of camouflaged forms: trades, crafts, professions.

Before inquiring into the present and future of all these Nazis Still Abroad, it is essential to economic one. Germans hanging back lose their jobs, cannot get others, and not even their interest at the bank. Then there 's the social boycott, with shops and cafés joining in. If offenders wish to get married, they cannot get the necessary papers from the consulate. If members of a professional body, they are struck off the rolls. Stubborn cases are deprived of their passports and eventually of their nationality.

Of course, the fortunes of war have modified this world-wide Nazi grip. Most of Europe's "Germans Abroad" are technically so no longer, having been absorbed by Hitler's conquests from Narvik to Crete and Biarritz to Odessa. Up to a point, matters should sift themselves. It is unlikely that Germans will wait to be dealt with in certain of the occupied countries. They will clear out, and it will be up to the countries concerned to see that those specific Germans never return. But this refers, after all, only to small sections of the universe.

If the Bohle menace to the post-war world is to be countered, certain measures will have to be taken. President Benes advocates a comprehensive return to Germany of the existing German "colonies" implanted from one end of the Continent to the other. These particular "colonies" are specially and permanently poisoned, or they would not be at the advance posts that they are at this crucial time. It is far more sensible to contemplate a careful expulsion and the permanent banning of those expelled, than to burble about boycotting 80,000,000 Germans, keeping these corralled in their own country.

Benes wants neutrals to join in the decontamination. This may be too much to expect. But if the world at large wishes to avoid a load of trouble in the future, it will do well to heed the wise Czech leader. For glance farther afield. There has been some internment in the British Dominions, in Allied possessions and in North America. But practically none in South America, while those parts of Asia under Japanese dispensation are sown with thoroughgoing Nazis. And it would not be far wrong to say that most of the neutral countries are similarly infested.

No word of future policy towards Germans Abroad having yet been breathed, it may be time to say that these carefully nurtured and regimented communities will not shake off Nazism without outside help or persuasion, and that it will be every bit as necessary to smoke out underground Nazi movements round the seven seas, as in Germany itself. Few things could be more handicapping than to pass over, as self-curing, these far-flung nests of the Third Reich.

This is a matter for the United Nations *and all who join them*, to espouse in mutual loyalty. It is plain horse-sense to go over German "colonies," wherever they may be, with a tight comb or the risk is run of the whole Fifth Column business being carried forward, starting with the bullying of peaceful Germans Abroad. If our leaders are serious about "extirpating Nazism," then they will have to get together over certain concerted measures. For instance:—

Repatriation to Germany of the 25,000 direct agents sent overseas by Hess and Bohle in the past ten years. It is well known where these are principally to be sound: in embassies, legations and consulates, travel bureaux, banks, key businesses and industries, all Goebbels's agencies of propaganda, and among professional men and women.

For this clean-up, the year 1937 should be taken as capital. It was then that Bohle really got going, and all emigrants and long-sojourning "visitors" from the Reich who arrived during and subsequent to that year were hand-picked trustees of Hitlerism. Moreover, the comb should go through not a few of Nordic blood who are not citizens of the Reich. The thing is to eradicate the German-Nordic strain of active Nazis; then the corresponding Hispano-Italian strain won't matter a quarter as much.

Entire re-staffing of all official German offices, from embassies down.

Closing of the most blatant Fifth Column agencies, like travel bureaux and the Harbour Service.

A clean sweep of present school, club, Press, wireless and film personnel.

Strictest check on all funds, subsidies and aid sent from the Reich to German "colonies" abroad.

Removal of post-1937 settlers at strategic points.

Effective release from pressure of all Germans Abroad.

A start could be made now by Allied broadcasting. Let Bohle's "Germans Abroad" be told of United Nations' determination to extirpate Nazism overseas. The process should offer less difficulty than with Germans at Home.

THE FAMINE RELIEF COMMITTEE MEETS IN LONDON: Dr. Guillermin, representing France; Dr. A. P. Cawadias, President of the Executive Committee of the Greek Red Cross in Foreign Countries; and Professor Emile Cammaerts. Wide interest has been given in America to famine relief in the Occupied Countries of Europe, and things now seem to be moving in this country as well. A conference of delegates has just been held in London to give united expression to this cause: during the conference one of the main questions discussed was that of sending immediate relief to Greece and Belgium: in these two countries it is known that conditions are particularly distressing

cult among millions of German colonists, after defeat in Europe. The immensity of these lands offers, moreover, the best opportunity to bolting Nazi leaders to sink themselves without trace. Meanwhile, a more immediate aim is to hinder and sabotage vital South American supplies to the Allies. As an instance, Britain and the United States greatly depend for war purposes on Bolivia's quinine, tin, wolframite and antimony.

Why apologise for the excellent pun, "Bohlivia"? If it serve to keep Ernst Bohle and Bolivia's warning squarely before us? This is eminently necessary because, even now, the reflection in all too many cases will probably be that these scattered multitudes of German stock—by tracing genealogies it was hoped to register 30,000,000—will be no problem once Nazism is taken by the throat at its seat of origin. They will be only too glad to throw off the overbearing yoke and resume the life of ordinary settlers. No more "Every German man and woman an agent of the Reich." No more deceit of hospitable lands. No more nagging home politics. No more Gestapo.

Unfortunately, this vision of countless Germans becoming well-meaning folk overnight, free, white and on the level, is not justified for a double reason. Not only are these German "colonies" honeycombed with virulent Nazis who were shipped grasp the ramifications and overpowering hold of Bohle's organisation, since only thus can we realise the extent of the uprooting or purging that will be necessary.

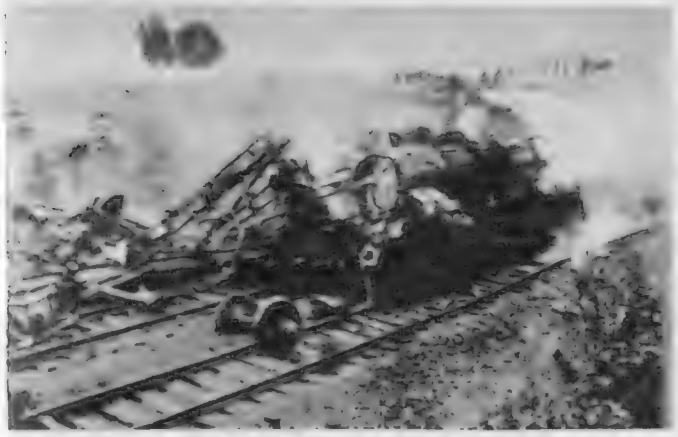
In every community of Germans Abroad were reproduced all the principal features of the Party in Germany—Labour Front, teachers and students, woman associations, clubs and athletic cults, Hitler Youth, Bureau of Foreign Trade, Press, films and broadcasting, legal matters, schools and welfare work, a Party Court, "police services" and, not least, a "Harbour Service" which attached itself to every German seafarer.

Bohle's Gau penetrated by means of cells, local groups, district and national groups, and many leaders enjoyed extra-territorial privileges by being bogusly given diplomatic and consular status. Expenditure was lavish and was met out of the Winter Help Fund or by the German Foreign Office. But why write in the past since so much of it still goes on?

Orders are to participate in all business and situations affecting German citizens abroad and if these don't submit willingly, they are subjected to exhaustive means of pressure. The ever-present threat of "removal" by the Gestapo tops the list, and closely allied with it is the threat to put relatives in Germany in concentration camps or to confiscate their property. Another severe hold is the

PICTURES from GERMANY and the Occupied Countries

VON RIBBENTROP VISITS HIS JAPANESE ALLIES : On December 11 the German Foreign Minister paid a visit to the Jap Embassy in Berlin, to commemorate the second anniversary of Japan's entry into the war. He is here seen shaking hands with the Jap Ambassador, Oshima, who later introduced Ribbentrop to the members of his Embassy. Since this event, rumours have been circulating throughout Europe of the growing weakness of Ribbentrop's position in Nazi Germany



A GERMAN PETROL TRAIN WRECKED IN FRANCE : This supply train was derailed and set afire by French patriots near Varenne-Le-Grand, in France, some little time ago. Besides the loss of the high-grade petrol, the railroad communications were severed for five days

A PROPAGANDA PICTURE FROM GERMANY, showing a "Panzer cupola" installed on the Mediterranean coast as an anti-invasion measure. Thousands of such small gun emplacements are reported to have been erected at strategic points : their maintenance, staffing and supply must be absorbing a good number of German soldiers !

SABOTAGE IN DENMARK : All that remains of a Danish shoe factory in Stensgade, which was wrecked recently by a sabotage bomb

THE DANISH ARMAMENT FACTORY, "Industri-Syndikatet," in the Free Harbour at Copenhagen, after it had been destroyed by sabotage. The heavy machine-guns manufactured here had caused havoc among German armoured cars and light tanks in Northern Slesvig in April 1940. Latest reports reaching London indicate that as a result of the "intensive occupation" of Copenhagen by 50,000 German troops, the whole country is seething with anger and is now more in the mood for revolt than ever before. The Nazis marched in as a threat to strikers and saboteurs, but the strikes are spreading rapidly and acts of sabotage are everywhere increasing

FIELD KITCHENS FOR BOMBED BERLINERS. Berlin housewives helping themselves from emergency field-kitchen units after one of the recent heavy R.A.F. raids. In the background is the Brandenburger Tor

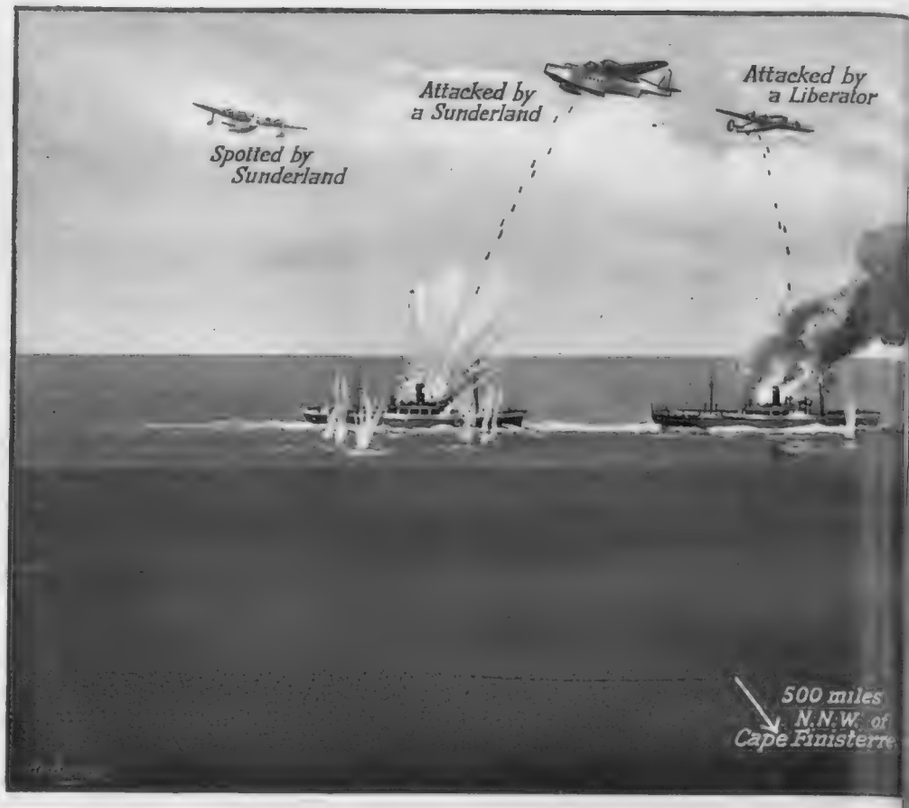
The ACTION in the BAY of BISCAY

The Sinking of a German Blockade-Runner and the Destruction of Three Enemy Destroyers in the Atlantic

—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CRUISER "GLASGOW" during the action against the German destroyers. The captain (with binoculars) is seen in the centre

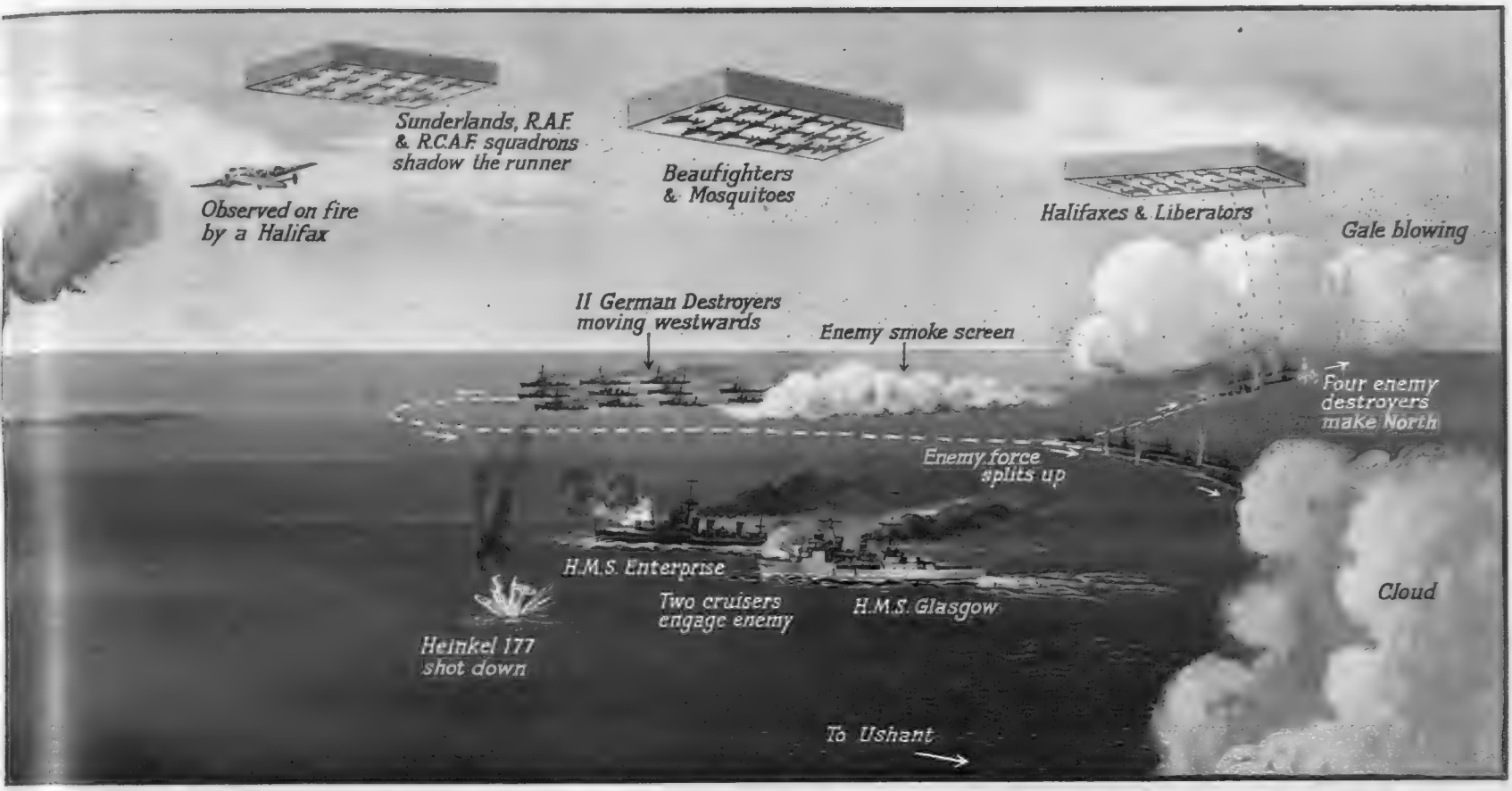
Only three days after the sinking of the German battleship *Scharnhorst* in northern waters came the news of another outstanding sea victory by Allied naval and air forces in the Bay of Biscay, despite an enemy superiority in fire-power. As a result of this victory, three German destroyers were sunk, and the rest of a force of eleven destroyers were put to flight by the British cruisers *Glasgow* and *Enterprise*, after a German blockade-runner had been set on fire and sunk by an Allied aircraft on the day preceding the naval engagement. The German destroyers were thought to be making a rendezvous with the merchantman,



THE CONCERTED AIR ATTACK ON THE GERMAN BLOCKADE-RUNNER. A Coastal Command Halifax makes towards the burning vessel while the Liberator (whose bombs eventually sank her) flies off—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

with the object of escorting her into a French port: five of these warships carried 5·9-in. guns, the other six mounting four 4·1-in. guns each. The blockade-runner—a fast, modern ship of 5,000 tons—was obviously loaded with a valuable war cargo for Germany. Apart from the three destroyers which were sunk, several other enemy ships were damaged: the cruisers, however, suffered only minor mishaps, and there were a few casualties aboard H.M.S. *Glasgow*

***On left*—The blockade-runner at a standstill and burning furiously. *On right*—Just before the end—the ship well on fire. Several small explosions occurred on board, and survivors in lifeboats were seen**



A COMPLETE DIAGRAMMATIC EXPOSITION OF THE TWO-DAYS ACTION IN THE BAY. The blockade-runner on the left was attacked and sunk on Monday, December 27. On the following day—Tuesday, December 28—aircraft of Coastal Command and of the U.S. Navy, together with the cruisers "Enterprise" and "Glasgow," engaged a force of eleven German destroyers moving westwards—presumably to effect a junction with the blockade-runner. Of this German force, three destroyers were sunk by the British cruisers. The enemy "showed no eagerness to fight," said the official communiqué, and the vessels split into two or three groups and, later, into smaller units in their endeavour to escape. The blockade-runner was sunk about 500 miles north-north-west of Cape Finisterre; and the cruiser action was fought some 250 miles to the north of Cape Ortegal, at the approaches to the Bay of Biscay—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

THE CRUISERS "GLASGOW" AND "ENTERPRISE" OPEN FIRE ON THE ENEMY DESTROYERS IN POOR VISIBILITY, while the enemy are partly obscured by a smoke-screen which they at once laid down. The cruisers concentrated their pursuit on the four enemy destroyers which had turned to the north, and three of them were sunk. About 150 survivors in lifeboats, dinghies or rafts were later sighted by our aircraft which still remained in the vicinity—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On the right are American Liberators (operating with Coastal Command) shadowing the enemy destroyers in the Bay of Biscay. On the left are the cruisers "Enterprise" and "Glasgow" going into action

The chase is on—H.M.S. "Glasgow" travelling at speed to intercept the force of German destroyers and to assist in the destruction of three of them. This picture was taken from the "Enterprise," which went into action at the same time as her sister cruiser

THE GREAT DAYLIGHT ASSAULT ON THE CALAIS COASTAL REGION: An impression of the scene over the French coast as more than 2,000 Allied aircraft took part on Christmas Eve in a series of daylight operations against the "special military installations" which may perhaps be the German "secret weapon" emplacements which, according to foreign reports, are concentrated near Calais. This giant attack took place on the fifth day of a monster "blitz" carried out from bases in Britain: taking part were Liberators, Fortresses, Mitchells and Bostons, escorted by swarms of Typhoons and other fighter escorts
—Drawing by Roland Davies

BOMBER ONSLAUGHT on FRANCE

Recent Pictures of American and British Aircraft Hammering Away at Military Targets on the French Coast and in the Occupied Territories

The great daylight assault which was carried out on Christmas Eve employed the largest force ever sent out by the American Eighth Air Force, and the body of heavy bombers which attacked the chief target was the largest ever used on such an operation. In addition, the whole series of operations, which covered almost all the daylight hours, was carried through without the loss of a single machine—air superiority complete and unchallenged. Though the targets have not been officially named, it is believed that these terrific attacks were directed against the reported German rocket-gun installations in the Pas-de-Calais area. Crews reported that the bombing was exceptionally accurate. The U.S. Air Command alone sent up over 1,300 heavy and medium bombers and fighters and the bomber armada included well over 500 Flying Fortresses and Liberators—the greatest force of "heavies" ever sent against a single target

THE GERMANS PREPARE A PRESS CAMPAIGN AGAINST ALLIED AIRMEN: As a start to an obvious "hate" campaign, the Germans have issued these two pictures, which purport to show a captured American pilot, Kenneth B. Williams, of North Carolina, with the words "Murder, Inc.," inscribed on the back of his flying suit. According to the Swedes, however, the words are in obvious Gothic lettering, inferring that the Germans may have prepared them themselves. The pictures have been produced by the Germans to support their (somewhat belated) discovery that Allied bombs are killing German civilians

FLYING FORTRESSES OF THE AMERICAN EIGHTH AIR FORCE bomb a ball-bearing plant and an aircraft-engine repair depot in Paris: This photograph was taken on December 31st, as Fortresses were attacking the vital CAM ball-bearing plant, and the nearby Hispano Suiza aircraft-engine repair depot, in Paris. Meeting little fighter opposition, and favoured by good visibility, they left their cargo well within the target area. The CAM ball-bearing plant in Paris manufactured a great many of the precision bearings that are required to maintain the mechanised Nazi war machine on its many defensive fronts. The Daimler-Benz aircraft engine, repaired in the Hispano Suiza plant, is used in single-engine fighters. Fires were started that the crews were able to see for many miles after they had left the target area. Many hits were registered on both of the factories under attack, and the crews which took part declared that a good job had been done

A FIGHTER AIRCRAFT CRUISES OVER ENEMY TERRITORY IN SEARCH OF THE LUFTWAFFE. This picture was taken during an offensive patrol by a Mustang over France: this is the aircraft which will play an important part in ground strafing and reconnaissance when the grand assault on the Continent is launched. It is a single seater which is possessed of exceptional manœuvrability. In the picture above, the character of the Northern France countryside, devoid of hedgerows and almost flat, is well brought out

A BOMBARDIER READY FOR A RAID OVER OCCUPIED TERRITORY: In the nose of a Marauder just before the take-off. This aircraft carries a crew of five: the bombardier sits below, and forward of the pilot in a glass-covered compartment which permits of excellent visibility all round. Above his head and close to his right hand are two '50-calibre machine-guns: beyond his right shoulder are the shells which slip into the guns. Above the bombardier's head is a hot-air blower, which keeps the frost out of the exposed turret. Attached to his parachute harness on his right shoulder is a first-aid kit. On the right of the turret, suspended from the upper machine-gun, is a bag called a "brass": it is used to catch expended ammunition cases

HOW NAZI COMMUNICATIONS IN FRANCE ARE ATTACKED BY MARAUDERS: Several direct hits were scored on the combination railroad and highway bridge over the Var River west of Nice, when a formation of American Marauders attacked this target last month. The above photograph was taken just as the loads of bombs went home—another instance of the way in which vital communications are being severed by our medium bombers just when they are needed most by the enemy for the reinforcement of his field armies

". . . AND MAY GOD BE WITH YOU." Midnight Mass at an American Air Force Station in England. In their own tiny church in an Army hut, these pilots and air-gunners are celebrating Mass in the midst of battle. Within a few hours most of them will be flying in action over Germany and France. Their chaplain is Captain Guy A. Moews, of Cincinatti

THE BATTLE-LINE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY AROUND ORTONA, ON THE ADRIATIC, AND THE INLAND VILLAGES AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS BEYOND. Heavy fighting took place around Villagrande, Tommaso and Tollo in particular, the Germans fighting every inch of the way. In the Distance the three streams which still bar the way to the town of Pescara are indicated—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

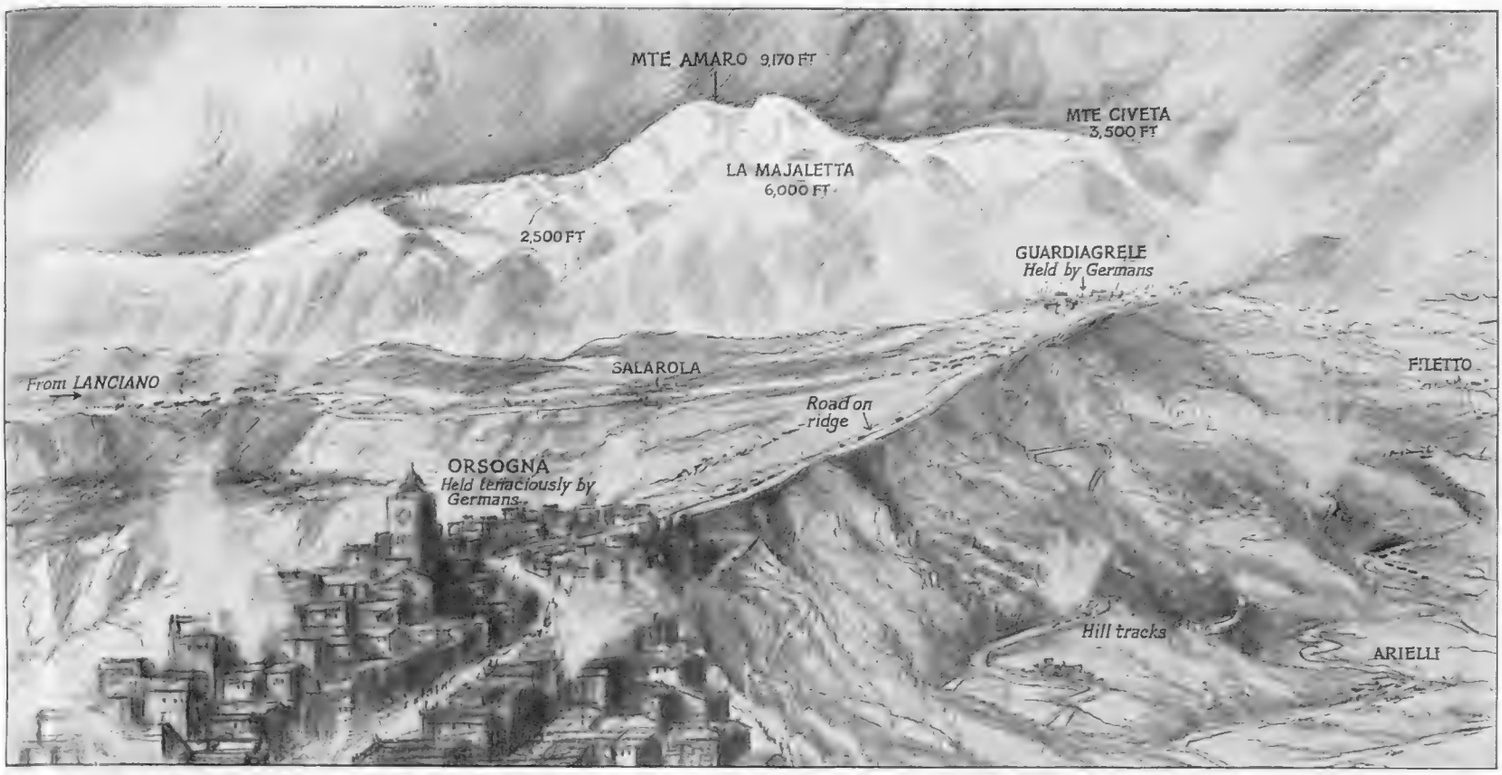
THE STREET FIGHTING IN ORTONA

And the Mountain Fighting Around Orsogna

Vivid Impressions by Sphere Artists of Scenes During the Bitter Struggle for Possession of the Adriatic Port and the Majello Hill Positions

The enemy clung on desperately to the northern fringe of the town and port of Ortona, even after four-fifths of the town was in Allied possession. In spite of mines, booby-traps and machine-gun fire, however, the Eighth Army moved forward into the country beyond. They found there that the enemy had conceded only a mile, or a couple of miles, on his retreat to new positions; and the Germans were evidently prepared to contest each further mile of the road to Pescara. This meant that the Allies had to face the prospect of crossing three or four ridges with three sizable streams all of which flow west to east into the Adriatic. A chief point of resistance developed around the little town of Tollo, the Allies fighting up the road through Villagrande. The whole of this area was contested boldly by the rearguard forces of the Germans. The battle-line continued parallel with the ridge from Orsogna, some twelve miles inland from the sea. Here, and at Guardiagrele, the enemy held on grimly, while the fighting surged to and fro over the connecting ridge and the lesser hills. Artillery activity was great at times but weather conditions were trying

THE GERMANS' DESPERATE DEFENCE OF ORTONA, KEY TOWN OF THEIR ADRIATIC DEFENCE LINE. The enemy were driven from this point after a stand which equalled the fury of Stalingrad. Suicide squads lowered tanks into the basements of the houses and fired the turret guns through the basement windows, with the result that the attacking Canadian troops could advance only yard by yard. Every building and house concealed machine-gun nests and snipers in their upper storeys, and mines and booby-traps were sown widespread. Every street was fought for with the greatest obstinacy, as in no other place in Italy. Fighting of great ferocity went on for four days before Ortona was finally taken and the town was by then a "mass of rubble," with heaps of German dead lying everywhere—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE EIGHTH ARMY ATTACKS AT THE 8,000-FT. LEVEL: WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN HOLDING ON TO THE MOUNTAIN PIVOT at the western end of the Adriatic line. This drawing shows the great mass of the Majella range, now covered with snow, as seen from Orsogna—*Drawing by Percy Home*

While the enemy has given way to the Eighth Army operating along the Adriatic shore, at the turn of the year he had dug himself in on the high ground around Orsogna. Although parts of this high-pitched town were entered by Eighth Army forces on more than one occasion, it would be found that a few days later the enemy was still in possession in certain places. Again our troops would storm the outskirts; again the Germans would bring up reinforcements and re-occupy their lost positions. The same determination to hold on was exhibited round Guardiagrele, a position close under the towering slopes of the Majella range, which now presents itself to the eye as a kind of lesser Himalaya, with peak climbing above peak until Monte Amara is reached at over 9,000 ft. The whole mass looks forbidding enough in its winter garb. A suggestion has been made that we are attempting to turn the German positions by scaling some of these snow-covered heights in order to outflank Guardiagrele. But the wild winter storms which are now raging with great violence might prevent the success of this most daring of schemes

THE FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF ORTONA. A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE PROGRESS CAUSED BY THE MACHINE-GUN NESTS AND SNIPERS installed in every one of the town's buildings by the retreating Germans—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This drawing shows how the Canadians were forced to fight house by house and street by street through the port of Ortona. Each street had to be systematically cleared by infantry with rifles and hand-grenades. German tanks and guns were brought up, to give close support during these operations. When the infantry struck a machine-gun nest (or a "Maggie," as the Canadians call them), they went to ground, taking whatever cover the houses afforded, and then the heavier supporting fire would be brought to bear

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE UP IN THE MOUNTAINS WHICH BARRED THE FIFTH ARMY FROM THE ROAD TO ROME
German mortar-bombs exploding between the two ridges known to the British as "Razor-back Ridge" and "Bare Bottom," in the Monastery area from which the enemy later retreated

The Mountain Warfare on the Road to Rome

After the capture of the mountains of Roccamonfina and Camino—a triumph of sheer, hard fighting in the face of appalling weather conditions and desperate enemy resistance—the Fifth Army soon found new heights to conquer. Two peaks on Mount Marrone—part of the strategically valuable high ground dominating the road from Colti to Atina, parallel with the Capua-Rome road—were soon in Allied hands (December 29). A monastery which lies almost at the summit of Mount Camino was also captured by the Allied troops of the Fifth Army. During the same evening the enemy counter-attacked, however, and forced our troops into withdrawal. Heavy mortar-fire was then brought to bear by Allied 4·2-in. mortars, which forced the Germans back from the whole of the Monastery area. Three of the impressive pictures on these pages were taken during this bitter action. The fourth—showing the fighting at Orsogna—comes from the Eighth Army's area

INFANTRY OF A BRITISH REGIMENT, IN THEIR WINTER BATTLE KIT, holding a position looking towards lofty Mou
Camino on the Fifth Army's front, around which bitter fighting took place. Note the plume of snow being blown off t
distant summits by the icy winter winds

THE FIGHTING AROUND ORSOGNA SHOWN IN A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH: Orsogna has twice been entered by our troops, who have been unable to capture and hold it in entirety. The Germans dug in Mark IV. Special tanks and installed flame-throwers in the square in the centre of the town. This position was strongly covered by machine-gun posts on the ground floors of surrounding houses. On December 22, Orsogna was softened up by an aerial bombardment by Kittyhawks, each carrying one bomb, followed by thirty-six medium bombers. The German anti-aircraft fire was considerably weaker than usual: as soon as the bombing started, the Germans retaliated by shelling the forward communication road in front of Castel Frentano, and only one mile from the German lines. This road, used by the Eighth Army, is in full view of Orsogna. The picture reproduced above shows the bombs from the Kittyhawks exploding in the town after the first attack

LOADING A 4·2-IN. MORTAR: A PICTURE MADE AS BRITISH MORTARS WENT INTO ACTION DURING THE BATTLE AROUND THE LOFTY HEIGHTS OF MOUNT CAMINO. The men are seen firing from specially prepared positions in a ravine, sending their shells high up towards the enemy among the neighbouring mountain peaks. As the mortar is fired, everyone will duck to avoid the very strong blast

FIGHTING SCENES from ITALY

As Depicted by Sphere Artists, in Illustration of Incidents on the Eighth and Fifth Army Fronts

Every motorist and hiker knew the marvellous maps of the United Kingdom produced by the Ordnance Survey before the war. How many people realise that the Ordnance Survey is a branch of the Royal Engineers, and that its personnel are now working overtime close behind all the battlefronts producing up-to-the-minute maps of the fighting areas?

The actual production of the maps is done by the Field Survey Companies of the Royal Engineers. These units are composed, in the main, of ex-civilian surveyors, draughtsmen, lithographers, artists, process-engravers and printers, who work in moving studios mounted on huge 3- and 10-ton Diesel lorries.

While there is no part of the world of which the Ordnance Survey has not got some sort of map, for military purposes it is essential to have maps which show the ground as it is *now*, with all the man-made additions and alterations, rather than as it was a few years, or even a few days, ago.

As an obtainer of information, the reconnaissance aeroplane obviously surpasses all other means. A modern P.R.U. (Photographic Reconnaissance Unit) Spitfire or Mosquito mounts at least two cameras—often as many as five—which are quite automatic in operation. The pilot sets the speed, height, etc., on the camera control panel and is then free to concentrate on navigating his machine over the prescribed area From about 25,000 ft. it is possible to produce a continuous strip map up to about 20 miles wide and of any length up to the capacity of the film magazines. In the Spitfire, the two cameras are mounted just behind the pilot, pointing downwards at a slight angle to either side so as to increase the area covered.

As soon as the P.R.U. machine returns, its films are processed at high speed. If they reveal any changes in the terrain which need recording, or if they have been taken specially for map-making purposes, a set of prints is handed over to the Field Survey unit for it to work on.

For reasons of speed and ease of making alterations, the actual maps are produced by the lithographic process. The corrections or additions have first to be made by hand on the existing map, or it may be that an entirely new map has to be made by one of the draughtsmen attached to the unit. This is then photographed by a huge process-engraving camera, and from these negatives are prepared lithographic zinc plates from which the maps are finally printed.

As a contrast to the last war, where the map-makers had to pack all their kit on to a few carts drawn by mules, the Survey Companies now use several of the largest lorries. Two lorries are fitted up to serve as a portable studio and dark room, while a third lorry (of 10-ton size) is fitted with a special body to carry the big rotary-offset machine which does the actual printing. Among the other equipment carried is an electric generating set (for the arc lamps used in the engraving processes), a water-purification plant to provide the necessary supplies for photographic work, and naturally considerable quantities of ink and paper. Nor are maps the only printing done by these units. They often turn their hand to posters and notices of all kinds—addressed both to troops and civilians—and Army forms and leaflets in a variety of languages. One job recently imposed on such a unit was the production of a special illustrated Christmas menu when some more than usually important guests visited the local H.Q.

ONE OF THE INNISKILLINGS, just out of the fighting line near Cerro, mounts guard at Isernia as spotless and as smart as if he were on ceremonial duty at home

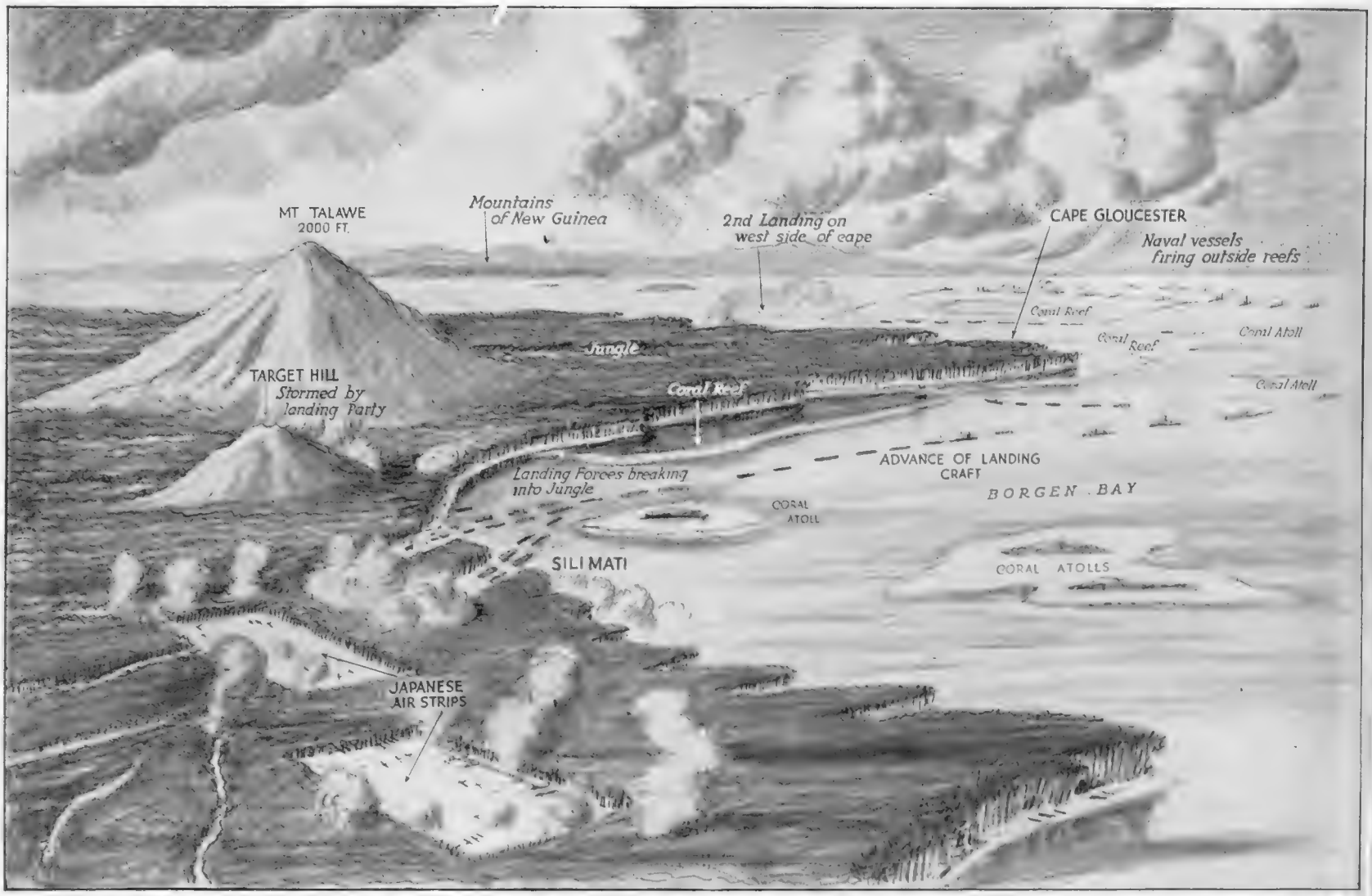
***Below*—AN UNUSUAL PROBLEM FOR OUR TROOPS—how to read the indifferent maps of the remote territory through which they are now passing in Italy. The local maps gathered before a campaign frequently prove very misleading, as was demonstrated in the Libyan campaign. This officer on the Eighth Army front is puzzled as to where the rough mountain track is leading (see notes above)**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

AN ACTUAL INCIDENT DURING THE BITTER FIGHTING IN THE ADRIATIC TOWN OF ORTONA. CANADIAN TROOPS IN A TYPICAL ITALIAN HOME SHARE THEIR RATIONS WITH THE FAMILY. Firing was still going on in the streets outside while this little scene was being enacted within: it was witnessed by a British war correspondent who was forced to take shelter at the spot—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

During the course of a vivid despatch from Ortona, Mr. Christopher Buckley wrote: "A quick, undignified scuttle across the street, subject to sniping, brought me to our most forward positions in the town. I dived through a door, down a couple of steps, and I was in the living-room of an Italian family. There were some five or six Canadian soldiers, there were old women and there were children innumerable. There was the midday meal simmering on a fire in the corner, an old man pouring out maledictions against Mussolini, his wife producing glasses and Marsala for the soldiers. Children clambered around the Canadian soldiers, clinging to them convulsively every time one of our anti-tank guns a few yards away fired straight down the street at one of the last remaining German machine-gun posts"

On right—**FIGHTING IN THE SNOW on the heights north-west of Venafro, in the Cassino area along "the Road to Rome"**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

For many weeks the Fifth Army had to contend with rain and sleet while scaling the heights north-west of Venafro and on the high ridges and hills overlooking the Cassino Valley. Now as the month of January creeps on, sleet has turned to winter snowfalls. At first only the highest points were covered, now both the depth and extent of the snow-covered area have extended, so that it is difficult to avoid operations on hill-slopes where the surface features and the texture of the foothold are both obscured. In the more northerly of the areas mentioned, the forces working up the hills round to Falignano and beyond encountered some very wild country. French forces—Goums from North Africa—were also operating in this area. In spite of it being the first occasion on which many of them had ever seen snow, or encountered it under such severe conditions, they fought with great bravery and tenacity. Keeping the trail and finding the target will be increasingly difficult as the midwinter conditions increase in severity



THE AMERICAN LANDINGS AT CAPE GLOUCESTER IN NEW BRITAIN. This spot is on the north side of the western tip of the island; and the above drawing shows where the first and second landings were made and the position of the Japanese air strips—*Drawing by Percy Home*

After the landings on the Arawe peninsula on the south-western side of New Britain, another amphibious operation was soon in progress to the northward, in the immediate vicinity of Cape Gloucester on the western tip of the island. The immediate objective was the capture of two Japanese airfields torn from the surrounding jungle: these lie from two to three miles inland from the Borgen Bay area. The landings did not take place at Cape Gloucester itself, but to east and west of the point. The main landing was effected at Silimati and was unexpected by the Japanese. The approaches to the shore are broken at this point by coral reefs in loops, and out in the bay there are coral atolls with small central islets surrounded by reefs. Other reefs farther out compelled the naval craft to operate from six miles out

In the SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC

Another Landing is Made on the Island of New Britain, at Cape Gloucester in the North-West

How the Americans are Continuing the Assault Against the Japs and Pursuing Their Threat to the Base at Rabaul

AFTER the successful landing on December 15, on the Arawe Peninsula at the south-western corner of the long, narrow island of New Britain, the American forces under General MacArthur made a further assault on the island—this time in the neighbourhood of Cape Gloucester at the extreme western tip. After days of preliminary bombing the landings were made on Sunday, December 26. The large naval force accompanying the troops started the day at 6 a.m. by shelling the area, then came waves of bombers, after which the landing craft set out for the appointed beaches on either side of Cape Gloucester.

The object was to obtain the two airfields which had long been an annoyance to the Allies in New Guinea. Japanese planes could cross the stretch of water between New Britain and New Guinea with great ease, rendering the sea passage a dangerous one for Allied shipping, unless accompanied by fighter cover. The airfields had recently been so heavily attacked by the Allies that the enemy was not able to use them, except as refuelling sites.

The actual landings carried out during the morning were unopposed and the troops were able to march inland. No anti-aircraft guns went into action, presumably having been destroyed by the bombardment. In the early afternoon waves of Japanese bombers came over, but the formations were broken up, and only one small portion reached the beachheads where they attacked the Allied shipping. According to Colonel Knox, Secretary of the Navy, one destroyer was sunk, and one small coastal transport damaged. Japan had put out the usual large claims of sinking two large cruisers, and two transports.

The marines who had landed at Silimati Point, east of Cape Gloucester, succeeded in reaching a position along a river, about a mile and a half from the second airfield, on December 27. They had artillery, and light and medium tanks with them, and were able to force their way against the enemy who were drawn up near Borgen Bay to protect the airfields.

The other American landing on the west of Cape Gloucester met some opposition when pushing their way inland, but it was not of a serious character. Heavy rain was falling on December 28. As New Britain is only five degrees from the Equator the rainfall is very heavy, as much as 8 ft. in the year. The enemy made counter-attacks as the Americans pressed on towards their objectives, but the aerodromes were finally taken by assault on December 30.

Though there are large Japanese forces stationed at Gasmata and Rabaul, they could not come to the assistance of Cape Gloucester, owing to the impenetrable nature of the country which has only been cleared in the areas around the main settlements. Three hundred miles of forest, ravines, swamp, and jungle-covered mountains lie between Rabaul and Cape Gloucester. Running along the centre of the island is a mountain range, thickly covered with dense tropical forest and jungle growth.

The Allies have gained, by the success at Cape Gloucester, full command of the sea passage between New Britain and New Guinea. As they also hold the mastery of the air, the possibility of a naval attack upon Rabaul becomes nearer. Now that Japan has lost the Solomon Islands, and part of New Guinea, Rabaul is no longer as important as when it was the main supply base for the islands. It will be difficult for the enemy to retire from Rabaul, or to receive reinforcements, but as the Japanese never relinquish anything once acquired, the Allies will doubtless have to make a great combined assault upon the strongly-held harbour

DURING THE FIGHTING FOR THE GILBERT ISLANDS—the American operation which preceded the assault on the Island of New Britain. American fighter planes, with belly tanks to give them longer flying range, swoop in to strafe the Japs and provide protection for the first wave of assault troops heading for Makin during the attack carried out on November 21. In three days the Gilberts were firmly in American hands and the Japs on the islands had all been wiped out

SATTELBERG AFTER ITS CAPTURE—THE LAST JAPANESE STRONGHOLD IN THE HUON PENINSULA OF NEW GUINEA AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE AUSTRALIANS

Sattelberg was a former German Mission Station on the north coast of the Island: it was captured on November 26 after one of the most brilliant campaigns in the history of jungle warfare in which all food, supplies, water and munitions had to be brought through the jungle; a path hacked at every step through the thick undergrowth; and very strong resistance overcome, with the enemy entrenched in precipitous defensive mountain positions. Close co-operation of Allied artillery, air bombing of enemy positions, and the surprise transfer of Matilda tanks to the front, played an important part in the Australian victory. After a heavy all-night bombardment of the main enemy defences, Australian troops went into the attack at dawn, took a number of native villages, and were in complete control by 11 a.m., when the Australian flag was hoisted over Sattelberg. The main Japanese force had evacuated before the final attack, those still remaining being wiped out by the Australians

THE SCENE ON TARAWE ISLAND (OR BETIO) IN THE GILBERTS AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS. The capture of Makin and Tarawe Islands was the first major Allied blow in the Central Pacific. The fighting here was of a most sanguinary nature, the American casualties being the highest since the Guadalcanal operations. This picture was taken after the fighting on Tarawe had died down, after every Jap had been exterminated to the very last man. Only a few hours before the picture was taken this lagoon was an inferno: bodies are here seen still floating in the waters, along with amphibious tractors and other smashed engines of war: one tractor still hangs on the sea wall it had attempted to climb during the landing

THE MAIN ACTION BETWEEN THE "DUKE OF YORK" AND THE "SCHARNHORST" IN THE DARKNESS OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT ON DECEMBER 26TH, 1943—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

This action started in the late afternoon: in these high latitudes there is no daylight, though there is a period of twilight in the middle of the day. At 4.49 p.m. on December 26th, the *Duke of York* having turned to the southward, parallel to the *Scharnhorst*, illuminated her with starshells at a range of just under six miles. At 4.50 the *Duke of York* opened fire with a broadside of her 14-in. guns, followed by her 5·25-in. guns, and the 6-in. guns of the cruiser *Jamaica*. Though the enemy fired starshells, it was not until ten minutes later that she opened fire with her 11-in. guns. From then on until 6.24 the *Duke of York* and the *Scharnhorst* fired at each other continuously. All this time the German battleship was gradually drawing out of effective range. The drawing by Mr. Montague Dawson reproduced here gives an impression of the gun duel in the darkness which lasted for more than an hour between the two big capital ships

HOW THE "SCHARNHORST" WENT TO HER END

The Last Phases of the North Cape Action, Illustrated by Sphere Naval Artists

THE FOREMAST OF THE "DUKE OF YORK" hit by a shell from the "Scharnhorst" during the action: The fire of the enemy was always accurate, said Admiral Fraser in a full report after his return to base. The *Duke of York* was straddled several times, and she received two hits: but these were of a minor nature, the shells merely penetrating the masts. One splinter nicked the foremast (as shown in the above picture); another went through the main mast. In addition, the upper deck was peppered

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP: At 7.32 t[he] Between 7.31 and 7.40 the "Belfast" and the "Jamaic[a] scored," said Admir[al]

The amount of punishment which a modern capital warship can withstand, and still remain in action, is amazing.

The *Scharnhorst* was built in 1936, and was probably subdivided very extensively into numerous watertight compartments, to render her hull as torpedo-proof as possible; while her armour belt, of about 12-in. thickness, would afford considerable protection against the 8-in. shells of the *Norfolk*, but be vulnerable to the 14-in. armour-piercing projectiles of the *Duke of York*.

All the details of the action are not yet to hand: they may not be available until after the war! It may be pointed out, however, that the first three torpedoes did not completely disable her, and the *Duke of York's* salvos did not sink her. It required a final salvo of torpedoes from the cruiser *Jamaica* to send her to the bottom.

One interesting point in connection with the *Scharnhorst* was her speed. This was supposed to be 27 knots, but actually it was thought to be about 29 knots. *But*, in actual fact, she outdistanced the *Duke of York*, whose speed is stated to be 30 knots, and is probably more!

THE RETURN OF THE "DUKE OF YORK" TO HER BASE: Men aboard a drifter cheering the battleship as she made fast on her safe arrival home. This is the vessel, one of Britain's latest capital ships, which the King has visited several times and on which he lived, on one occasion, for some days

"Duke of York" ceased fire to allow the cruiser "Jamaica," which had been detached for the purpose, to close in and finish the "Scharnhorst" off with torpedoes. both discharged torpedoes at her from one side, whilst the British destroyers were similarly occupied from the other side of the doomed vessel. "Many hits were Fraser, "and it is impossible to say at present what ship or ships may have fired the final shot"—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The COAL-MINING INDUSTRY of BRITAIN

The Last of Three Articles Dealing with Conditions Underground, After a Series of Personal Visits to the Mining Areas By CHARLES GRAVES

NATIONALISATION is once more in the air. The average member of the public has an open mind about it—up to a point. He realises that, by and large, the Post Office, with its ancillary telephones, telegrams and miscellaneous services, has been a great success, thanks largely to the late Sir Kingsley Wood. On the other hand, many people are beginning to suspect that there is a very close connection between nationalisation and Fascism. They are, indeed, the opposite sides of the same medal (*chaque médaille a son revers*, as the French say). Both require a highly centralised totalitarian form of Government. Strictly speaking, Fascism was to a certain extent decentralised by the formation of industries into large corporations within the corporate state. But National Socialism in general was the whole totalitarian hog.

A mild example of nationalisation is shown by the London Passenger Transport Board, which is not responsible to shareholders. In fact, it is doubtful whether the L.P.T.B. is really responsible to anyone; and if a certain type of Labour leader got hold of it, it would become a little autonomous dictatorship on its own. Nationalisation expropriates property, and in its place puts power into the hands of a bureaucracy which works by centralised and uniform rules all over the country. In time, this bureaucracy throws off the control of Parliament and tends to become completely independent. The corporative state, I repeat, is one of the features of Fascism—in which industrial corporations are directly represented as such in a legislative body.

To-day the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain has a membership of some 700,000, and a direct representation in the House of Commons which averaged 42·7 for the General Elections of 1918-1935 inclusive. If the nation were represented in Parliament by occupations, and in proportion to the number of persons employed in each occupation (which God forbid!), the mining industry would be entitled to 22·3 members on the basis of the census figure. In effect, therefore, not only are the miners' members sitting in the House as members for a trade union—rather than for a geographical area—but there are nearly twice as many of them as there would be on a proportionate corporative basis.

Apart from all this, the memory of the public is notoriously short, and few of you will have any clear recollections of what happened when the Government had full financial control of the mines during and after the last war until March 1921. What happened was this. The output per man-shift fell from 19½ cwts. to less than 14½ cwts. (by 60,000,000 tons on a year's production, with more men employed); wages cost per ton rose to six times the pre-war level, being no less than 75 per cent. of the total cost of production; the price of coal to the consumer rose to three times the pre-war level; and at the beginning of 1921 the loss per ton was 7s. on the average, with the Government losing the taxpayers' money in running the mines at the rate of over £60,000,000 per annum.

Finding its policy to be utterly bankrupt, the Government hastily decontrolled the industry and left to the colliery owners the invidious task of clearing up the mess, and restoring prices and wages to an economic level. The inevitable result was great unrest, which was increased rather than diminished by the carefully and widely disseminated belief that the Sankey Commission (1919) had recommended the nationalisation of the mines, and that the Government had not carried out the recommendation. The sequel was the national strike of 1921.

What actually happened was that the chairman admittedly recommended nationalisation of the mines, but coupled with this recommendation a limitation of the right to strike. The three members of the Commission who were officials of the Miners' Federation, and three other members who were prominent Socialists (and, incidentally, nominees of the miners), did not accept the proposal for the limitation of the right to strike. The three representatives of the colliery owners rejected nationalisation; and the three independent members said in their reports that national ownership did not offer a real solution of the problems, and there was no reasonable ground for belief that the coal industry could or would be as efficiently conducted by the State in the future as by private enterprise in the past.

MR. GRAVES, writer of the three articles on Coal Mining, on his return to the surface after a trip underground

Incidentally, in October 1920, when the mines were still in the possession of the Government, there was a fortnight's national coal strike against the State for higher wages. Nor was this by any means an isolated case. Even in the war years of 1917 and 1918, the number of days lost in each year through disputes exceeded 1,000,000, as compared with 300,000 in 1916, the year preceding Government control; and in 1919 and 1920 the figures were 7,500,000 and 17,500,000 respectively.

Even if the Sankey Commission had recommended nationalisation, that recommendation was repudiated by the Samuel Commission, which examined the whole question very fully in 1925 after six years' additional experience of events in the coal industry. The members of the Samuel Commission were all completely independent, and, incidentally, included Sir William Beveridge.

But what is the real object of nationalisation? Are we being asked to-day to make this colossal experiment because it will result in the production of more coal—or because the miners want it? And what justification is there for the belief that if the miners were given what they want in the way of complete Government control of the industry, they for their part would produce the coal? The evidence is all the other way, and is it really to be supposed that the incentive to produce coal would really be stimulated if everyone connected with the mines, from the manager to the youngest boy on the haulage roads, was in effect an established civil servant sure of a guaranteed week and a guaranteed wage, unrelated to the production of any particular output of coal?

I have asked numbers of miners during the past fortnight whether they think that nationalisation would be a good thing for the country. In each case they said that it would be fatal. One made the proviso that nationalisation would be fine if all miners were equally strong, skilful and willing. That, indeed, is the crux of the whole situation. All miners are not equally willing, skilful or strong; and in South Wales, men on the same shift do not help one another to complete their coal-getting, though in Northumberland the man who has finished first goes to the assistance of his mate.

Many of the more enlightened miners realise that, a mine being a living thing, prompt decisions have to be taken at all hours of the day and night by the management. If there were nationalisation and a host of officials and committees, all anxious to pass responsibility on to someone else, it would be impossible to do this. It would be impossible, equally, for managements, and for the industry as a whole, to spend all the money which they now spend on research without a series of minutes passing between them and the authorities. And research in the case of the colliery managements is not just a matter of phials and retorts in the laboratory.

Sometimes I wonder why the colliery proprietors, who, after all, are merely the State lessees of the coal, object to nationalisation. How many people realise that, over the twelve years before the war, the shareholders in colliery undertakings, who include many poor people, received as their share less than 4 per cent. of the proceeds of the sale of coal after meeting working expenses; the other 96¼ per cent. going to wages? Coal-mining is infinitely more speculative than I realised before my present tour of investigation. In South Wales I was told casually, if sadly, about a mine which I visited. The management drove a tunnel over a mile long through sheer rock to find coal. This cost £60,000 and took fifteen years' work, off and on, to complete. Then a series of faults was discovered, completely disturbing all calculations, making the seam, when it was ultimately discovered, quite unprofitable. Having bored their way through another 300 yards, they discovered a down-throw fault of 70 yards—in other words, the seam of coal took a violent plunge 70 yards down still further into the ground, and was therefore quite unworkable at the existing level. The management is now nearly half-way through its property, and it looks as though 30 per cent. of it will be unproductive.

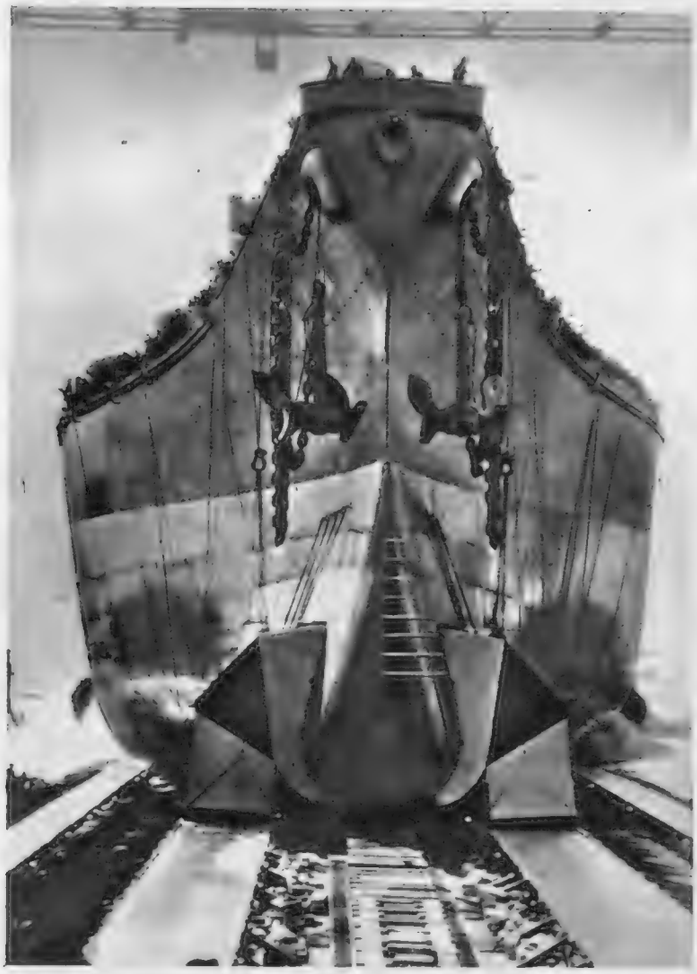
JOHN CURNOW, of Cornwall, one of the miners chosen to train the new young recruits. He works in a bewildering labyrinth in the East Pool tin mine, and teaches six boys to battle for ore by the light of lamps. He has just been awarded the B.E.M. for forty-four years of unwearied work below ground in the same pit

PIT VOLUNTEERS ARE ISSUED WITH THEIR SPECIAL CLOTHING. A scene at the Prince of Wales's Colliery at Pontefract, as the new men were issued with their hats in the pit yard. Albert Bleasly, of Leeds, who was a maintenance man in a bus garage, is in the foreground

Under nationalisation, the Government of the day must accept the final responsibility of the policy adopted; and even if there existed (as there does) complete conciliation machinery for the investigation and redress of grievances, the miners would undoubtedly continue their disposition to by-pass this machinery and take their grievances to Downing Street. In a nationalised industry, when a strike did take place—as it did in 1920—it would not be against private employers, but against the conditions arising from the Government control. In other words, it would be a strike against the Government itself, and so against the community.

P.S.—Communistically-minded Welsh miners made it clear in 1940 that their sympathies were entirely with Russia and that they did not believe the British Government was in accord with the Soviets. For less than a week after Russia was invaded by Germany was there a spurt in output. This ceased abruptly, and production has been progressively less ever since. Will Lawther claims with truth that miners are all four years older than they were at the outbreak of the war. He fails to point out that all men who are workers in all industries are equally that much older. So are the troops.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



AMERICA LAUNCHES A SUPER-BATTLESHIP: The 45,000-ton "Wisconsin" sliding down the slipway at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia on December 7, 1943—anniversary of Pearl Harbour

ITEMS OF WAR NEWS IN PICTURES

Sister ship to the *Iowa* and *New Jersey*, the mighty *Wisconsin* has been built for the U.S. Navy at a cost of approximately £18,000,000 sterling. She was launched in the presence of a crowd of 35,000 people. This huge vessel has a standard displacement of 45,000 tons, but when fully loaded and ready for sea, she will displace 52,600 tons, and will carry a complement of over 2,000. Her armament will consist of nine 16-in. guns and a host of smaller weapons: and she will carry four aircraft: her speed will be 33 knots, and might even reach 35 knots. The overall length of this colossal warship is 860 ft.: at the bow, which is surmounted by a characteristic platform, she is taller than a five-storey building

THE BOW OF THE MIGHTY "WISCONSIN," which is taller than a five-storey building!

THE BEGINNING OF AN "IMPOSSIBLE" TASK: How a Liberator bomber was flown out of a tiny field after it had crash-landed in England. The Liberator "Pregnant Peg" was crash-landed in a ploughed field sticky with mud. The experts said it could not be flown out again after repair, as the take-off run was too short. This would have meant dismantling the aircraft and rebuilding her elsewhere. Nevertheless, Major Allen G. Russell, operations chief of the Eighth Air Force's Ferry and Transport Service, accomplished the job successfully. His assistant, T/Staff Sergeant Grove, sat beside him as he took the big machine off over a dangerously short improvised runway

HOW THE NORWEGIAN SABOTEURS WORK. The wreck of a military train near Oslo in October last when a large number of Germans were killed and wounded

On left—On October 7, 1943, a German military train was wrecked by sabotage on the Drammen-Mjondalen railway about fifty kilometres from Oslo. A large number of Germans were killed and wounded. This picture was taken two days later, and shows the track being cleared. Terboven, the German Commissar, himself inspected the damage, and five innocent hostages from Drammen and Mjondalen were shot as "punishment"

THIS GLIDER HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE BIGGEST EVER PRODUCED FOR THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES: It is here seen during its first flight-tests with Lieut.-Colonel Bruce Palmer at the controls. The test pilot described its performance in the air as "perfect," and another expert declared that the big aircraft handled much more smoothly than the smaller types of glider

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY.—I look up from my writing-table at three or four long bookshelves furnished with chosen biographies, most of them well-read and profusely annotated. Near them is a very small shelf filled with biographies written by myself. These evidences would be frail justification for writing didactically about the art of biography, but fair justification for choosing the subject for some random reflections and speculations. A man can usually write in a sensible and even a lively way about his hobbies. Biography is a hobby of mine. A good biography is more enthralling to me than a good novel, and I can find interest and even romance in the statistical-biographical notes of a *Who's Who*. But the details of your subject's career, however admirably set forth, will carry you but half-way to perfection in this difficult art. Ignorance of this truth has proved the Waterloo of many a biographer.

What, then, are the vital ingredients in the recipe? It may be possible to achieve "a novel without a hero"; a biography without a hero—no.

Desmond MacCarthy once put out a good working model. "A genuine biography is a book with a hero—one in which politics are translated as far as possible into terms of personal living, while the history necessary to make the subject's views and actions intelligible is clear and interesting."

In an article in *Blackwood's* some years ago, Ian Malcolm elaborated this thesis. The biographer's aim (he argued) must be *not* to attempt to write a history of the time with the subject of the biography as the spotlight figure in the drama, but to give a full-length portrait of the subject against a well-defined background of the history through which he moved—to show him *en robe de circonstance* and *en robe de chambre*. And, secondly but not less important, the author must suppress continually his own personal views alike of the character of his subject and of the history of his times.

It is well observed. How many biographers (not only political) have fallen down flat by failure to observe these rules, by giving too much attention to career and too little to character, preferring the public to the private influence, writing not the history of a man but a history of his times or offering the public his own views instead of a view of his subject?

In my experience of life (an ordinary, humdrum life), the major episodes are achieved with "outside help" to a degree not always acknowledged until long afterwards. In my case, the writing of books is among these major episodes, and I freely acknowledge my belief that in the writing of biography these books either "write themselves"—or don't. If they succeed, they succeed by a happy concatenation of circumstances largely beyond the author's power to assemble. The subject's "remains" were full and interesting, his career was interesting or romantic, his personality lively and stimulating, his surviving friends were inspired portrait painters and not mere egotists or statisticians. The author was not fettered by considerations involving "tact" or suppression—he could tell all the truth, good and bad, and so on. But if this happy concatenation does the business "off its own bat," the author is not thereby absolved from doing his best to assemble the prerequisites.

The Chief Requisites.—What, then, is the best way and the best time in which to set about the business? This is the bones and beak of the problem and, to clear the ground, I will be didactic in one pronouncement at least. The biography of a living man is a contradiction in terms, because the subject's life is not finished and therefore not estimable and, since he still lives, it is quite impossible to tell all the truth concerning him. The biography of a living man is therefore a crude advertisement or a fit cause for a libel action, and either way a partial, unfinished, ill-balanced sketch.

No doubt at all there is much to be said for Boswell's way. You mark down your victim and attend him in his goings-out and comings-in. You observe him *en robe de chambre* and *en robe de circonstance*. You appoint yourself his biographer when he is still *in mezzo del camin* and you take a shorthand note of all he lets fall and a snapshot of every grimace or posture he achieves. But you must not make him aware of your design or, inevitably, a note of artificiality will creep into his utterances, a smell of midnight oil invest his pronouncements. He will be addressing posterity, not Boswell.

Boswell's way ensures accuracy in conversations and a wealth of personal details which, vital, must often be guessed or inferred. But the method may endanger balance, and (though it be impious to suggest it) encourage discursiveness. The warmest admirers of Scott and Lockhart might throw a dart at the latter on the score of length. Then, too, in the art of biography, the cool, the distant, the detached view is of great importance. It takes time for the fires of political controversy to die down. No biographer can see clearly till the flames and even the smoke have died down, nor separate rumour and deliberate distortion from fact or the relevant from the irrelevant, until the air is clear. And it is not always a matter of when the biography is *published*. More often a matter of when it was conceived and prepared. Moore's *Life of Sheridan* was published at least nine years after his death. But it was conceived in the period of fog—no doubt of that. Some of Sheridan's intimates described it as a damnable mixture of fact and fiction, and it has influenced a century of misrepresentation of Sheridan's character and career. If the times be remarkable for political bitterness, the smoke may still obscure the truth a decade after the subject's death.

Close-up or Bird's-eye View?—It may be that a cooler judgment, a more balanced and impartial picture, will be obtained by an author who never knew or even saw his subject. Against that theory are two shrewd pronouncements by two eminent biographers.

Birrell, in his life of Hazlitt, wrote: "How little is it we can know about the character of a dead man we never saw!" His books, his letters, his friends (if they have insight and are not fettered by considerations of tact), may tell us something. The testimony of his enemies (says Birrell) requires so much sifting as to be practically useless. And Johnson had earlier summed up the sense of Birrell's arguments in the pronouncement: "Characters should never be given by an historian unless he knew the people whom he describes or copies from those who knew them."

In my experience, the subject's intimates are of first importance to the biographer, provided always they have insight, have the power to paint a picture, to separate the relevant from the irrelevant (which is not the same thing as separating the trivial from the important. In biography, trifles are tremendous.) And provided always those same intimates are not egotists, but (like the ideal author) can utterly suppress their own personalities and egos and political or professional views.

A large hope, a great deal to ask? Well, my own experience in more than one biography was both happy and encouraging. I have found the intimates of more than one subject of biography to possess all these qualities to a high degree. Given this essential source of information, the author has gained a firm bridgehead in the territory of truth. For the rest, he must be ceaselessly vigilant to detect false scents and to resist by-ways. His subject's writings must be a special care. Diaries are more suspect than letters. There are few English Pepys. Artificiality or *suppressio veri* are keynotes of most diaries. But a man's letters, dashed off in the heat of a mood, tell a great deal of the truth.

Always the author must keep clear before him his austere mission. There is to be only one finished, full-length portrait—his subject's. Not, beside it, a finished portrait of the author, sharing the limelight; and not a background of the times so vivid and detailed as to dim the subject's outlines. And the portrait must be faithful. The man must be painted with his *warts*. No one knew better than Pope that to execrate an enemy's faults, you must first flatter what virtues he may have, and your finished biographer knows as well that to bring out his virtues you must catalogue his frailties. The glory of humanity, the fine spirit of man, is summed up in the sentence, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in strength."

Remember Fox.—It follows that there is to be no jeering at his frailties. The biography is to be "a book with a hero." To overstress the frailty is as bad technique as to underrate the strength, and that is the prime fault of the modern school of novel-biography, of which smart young women are the pioneers and practitioners. It is "Hollywood history" which they are writing to-day. They have a nose for the scandals of the times, their eyes are dazzled by ephemeral and quite irrelevant fashions of a day (so *quaint* and humorous set beside the wisdom and perfection and finality of our own!); they must for ever dramatise, for ever turn out costume pieces, for ever "teach the rest to sneer," for ever seek to prove that to be dead is to be ridiculous.

Paint him with his warts, but don't forget his nose and chin and forehead. These features have undergone no material change since 1066 and all that. And remember that he had a family and friends and a private life; and that his personal example and influence on his generation may survive long after the controversies in which he took part or the reforms he achieved are forgotten.

There is no deader donkey than yesterday's religious or political controversy. No biographer can afford to forget Fox, the *locus classicus* on this truth. It was his personal influence on his generation, not his political achievements (which were largely negative), which gave him in life (and preserves now) his mighty niche in history. (He found at last a worthy biographer in Mr. Lascelles.) Failure to appreciate that truth has detracted from the merits of all too many of the biographies of politicians and churchmen written in the last hundred years.

THE HOME OF DISRAELI IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, which is to be handed over to the National Trust if it can be freed of debt. Hughenden Manor, home of the great Conservative leader, Lord Beaconsfield, is to be taken over for the Nation if the sum of £4,500 can be raised. An appeal for this amount has been made by the Disraelian Society. The estate passed from Major Coningsby Disraeli to the late Mr. W. H. Abbey in 1937: the latter arranged that the house, with its contents and about 180 acres of the park, should be handed over to trustees with power to give them within twenty-one years to the National Trust, or some other body, to hold for the Nation

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). The theatrical event of the season has unquestionably been Terence Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines*. This young R.A.F. officer is a dramatist of genius. So far he has chosen to express himself only in light comedy; but he does so in flawless fashion, with the additional asset that his comedies run for months and even years. *While the Sun Shines* is quite likely to run longer than any of them. It is about an American officer, a French officer and an English sailor (just an A.B., in spite of his earldom and a couple of million pounds to help it along), who are anxious to marry the W.A.A.F. daughter of a duke. In spite of uniforms in plenty, this is not a war play, and in spite of sundry situations apparently farcical, it is not a farce. It is just a clean, high-spirited and amazingly amusing light comedy. The acting is immaculate—notably Mr. Ronald Squire as the duke, Mr. Michael Wilding as the earl, and Mr. Hugh McDermott as the American.

"Humpty Dumpty" (Coliseum).—I have seen hundreds of pantomimes, but I doubt whether I have ever seen legs so perfect—it is impossible to avoid being somewhat personal—as those of Miss Pat Kirkwood, who plays the Prince in *Humpty Dumpty* at the Coliseum. The cast are those first-rate pantomime comedians, Messrs. Nervo and Knox and Messrs. Naughton and Gold, and an astonishing little blonde acrobatic dancer, Juanita. Also that delicious *prima ballerina*, Mlle. Sokolova.

"Cinderella" (His Majesty's).—Miss Evelyn Laye and Miss Carole Lynne emphasise the romantic aspects of the famous old Cinderella story. And rightly so. They are both charmingly clever people and are ideal as principal boy and principal girl, respectively. The show is beautifully mounted and produced.

"Alice in Wonderland" (Scala).—Miss Roma Beaumont is the Alice of our childhood dreams in this carefully elaborate revival. That is the main thing. Dame Sybil Thorndike brought a touch of Euripidean tragedy to Lewis Carroll—which, I imagine, wants a bit of doing. I did not think I should ever see that fine actor, Mr. Franklin Dyall, as a caterpillar!

"Peter Pan" (Cambridge).—Miss Glynis Johns is the latest Peter. She looks right, and, on the whole, she is right. But at the performance I attended she spoke nearly all her lines in an almost inaudible whisper.

TRYING TO AVERT A TIMBER FAMINE by the use of colchinine. Dr. P. T. Thomas at work at the John Innes Horticultural Institute at Wimbledon. Colchinine is a drug which is extracted in the form of a powder from the autumn crocus: when diluted with water to the proportion of 1—200,000, it can be used to speed the growth of trees and increase their size. Experiments have begun on the seeds of timber-bearing trees which, if successful, will mean that a world timber famine can be put back indefinitely. It has been predicted that there may be such a famine unless steps are taken now to avert it. Colchinine is also the drug which is used in the cure of gout. In the picture above, Dr. Thomas is removing the seeds from an apple in preparation for its treatment with colchinine. The seed embryos are soaked in it for twenty-four to forty-eight hours at 75 deg. Fahr. on blotting-pads; then washed; immersed in water for two or three days; and then planted in earth and grown in hothouses

ITEMS OF HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FAMILY OF A NAVAL CAPTAIN who took part in the "Scharnhorst" action. The wife and three children of Captain Charles T. Addis, R.N., who commanded the cruiser "Sheffield" during her shadowing of the German battleship. This picture was taken in the garden of their country home

BASKET-MAKERS PLAY THEIR PART IN INVASION PREPARATIONS: A completed hamper for airborne supplies, one section of which fits into the other. Many of the airborne supplies for the coming invasion of Europe will be packed in hampers, the cushioning power of basket construction making it superior to all other materials for certain purposes. One London firm of basket-makers—Scott's, of St. Giles-in-the-Fields—have been in the trade since 1661, and to-day their weavers are working at top pressure to fill invasion orders. Most weavers are elderly, basket-making being a dying art before the war. With the raising of basket-making to priority status, willow rods have been brought to England from the Argentine

MILITARY INVASION PLANS—the English girls who are training for relief work in Liberated Europe: Hundreds of Girl Guides are being trained in this country for relief work when the occupied countries of Europe are freed. They will follow on the heels of the liberating Allied armies and their task will begin almost immediately they set foot in Europe. The girls must pass a strict medical examination to ensure that they are 100 per cent. fit. In all, there are between 400 and 500 of them, all over twenty-one. Their training embraces every possible subject they are likely to come up against: the language of the country to which they hope to be drafted; a study of the culture, history, customs and national dishes of that country; its geography; child psychology; the study of dietetics and nutrition; and how to build up the health and morale of a people who have suffered years of torture under the Nazi jackboot. These girls have recently completed an exercise in the Midlands, during which they lived the life of nomads—eating and sleeping in the open, and entirely independent of any outside assistance.

THE ENGLAND OF THE POST-WAR YEARS: A study in expressions of a portion of the youthful audience listening to a lecture on "To-morrow's Citizens"

The Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Newson-Smith, opened a four-day series of lectures and discussions at Westminster last week. Organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, the Conference was attended by youth of all ages: it is the hope of the organisers that such lectures will help in bringing about a better understanding between the young people of the world of the immediate post-war problems. The Council has also arranged for the youth of this country to correspond with those of other countries

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WAR

J. B. Priestley's Commentary on Wartime Women; A Factual Account of the Royal Tank Corps by Charles Graves; The Wonderings of the Poet Laureate; Men of the Sea

ONE of the most important books of the past month, **BRITISH WOMEN GO TO WAR** (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is a close survey of the Government regulations controlling the first call-up of women in British history. Mr. J. B. Priestley has written it, and it is illustrated by nearly fifty photographs in colour, by Mr. P. G. Hennell. These form such an important part of the book's make-up, and, with their Priestley captions, are such a vital part of its character that they cannot be dismissed in a casual line or two.

The book shows in less than sixty pages how women have responded to the appeal that has been made to them, and details the new work they are doing in the Services, in industry, in A.R.P., in the Land Army, the W.V.S., and so on. It is primarily a running commentary on the excellent series of photographs which illustrate these activities, but, first of all, there is an introduction about mobilisation, which deals in cold facts and figures. There are 17,000,000 adult women in this country. For the first time in history Britain has conscripted women for war service, and at the moment about 9,600,000 women have been registered for National Service.

"Although the Government was given wide compulsory powers, when conscription took the place of the voluntary system of recruitment for National Service, this mobilisation has never had a press-gang atmosphere. . . . One reason for this is that the Ministry of Labour has tried to make its schemes as flexible as possible and to preserve the democratic spirit. The other, and even more important reason, is that the people themselves have not needed coercion, but only direction, simply because they have for the most part been only too willing and eager to serve the war effort."

ALICE DELYSIA AND HER DECORATIONS: The famous musical-comedy actress, who has been touring the Mediterranean and Middle East war theatres for three years, is now back in England—on "home service" with Ensa. During her tour she was presented with several decorations in gratitude for her splendid work in keeping the Forces amused. The costume she is wearing in the above picture was designed by herself: amongst the decorations she wears are the Palmes Academique, the Syrian Decoration of Merit, the Lebanese Decoration of Merit and the insignia of the Fighting French Merchant Navy

The commentary on the photographs supplies pleasant gossip about the subjects of the pictures—the girls' Christian names, perhaps, or their peacetime jobs, or some reasons for their peculiar fitness to the new work they have taken up. Mr. Priestley has a novelist's eye for situations: "This fair and meditative maiden (plate 4), who looks as if she might be dreamily contemplating a cluster of bluebells in a spring wood, is actually preparing for its dreadful work a thing that may soon blow a great hole in a ship's side and send hundreds of men to their death." Or (of plate 22) "she might be baking a pie for the family, but she is not; she is helping to construct a weapon of war."

A commentary that packs a survey of mobilisation, the Services, Civil Defence, and a great many more aspects of the British woman's war effort into a mere fifty-nine pages must necessarily be superficial. Their life is shown as adventurous, happy, willing, full of cheery patriotism. When Mr. Priestley examines the subject more closely, as in *Daylight on Saturday*, the colours are less bright, but certainly not less lifelike. His final words, however, in the present book are worth remembering: "Woman is the natural conserver of life, and if she helps us to fight our battles, it is only because she knows that beyond victory there is the chance of more abundant life."

Mr. Charles Graves has written a close factual account of Tank Corps training in **THE BLACK BERET** (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) The book, which is a true successor to his *Thin Blue Line*, is a good wartime documentary designed to show all branches of the training process in detail, how the O.C.T.U. and War Office Selection Boards function and how the severe courses affect different individuals.

As before, Mr. Graves chooses a number of young men through whose experiences he can best define and illustrate the work of the Corps. This time there are five of them. Bill is a golf professional, Johnnie a newspaper motoring correspondent. They become friends and go to Winborough for training, where they distinguish themselves and are put up for the War Office Selection Board. George, a Charterhouse man, and his friend Harry, a munition worker from the Midlands, join the Primary Training Wing at Cowfield for a course of intensive training through the Young Soldiers' Regiment, until put up for the O.C.T.U. All achieve their ambition to join the Royal Tank Corps.

At O.C.T.U. they undergo training as cadets, and meet Jack White, ex-corporal with the D.C.M., formerly a lorry-driver, who has seen battle in Libya as a trooper. Jack supplements their comprehensive training with straight tips from his own experience of desert fighting. After being given their commissions, Bill goes with his regiment as wireless officer to Egypt, and takes part in a successful action which earns him mention in despatches. Harry is posted to a Scottish regiment and goes to Algiers, where he is wounded and sent home. George is killed in action in North Africa. The others continue training in England.

Again as before, Mr. Graves handles his material extremely well, collects his facts in an orderly and impressive manner, and adds just enough fiction to be able to claim that this is "a real life novel of the Royal Armoured Corps."

In a little volume of poetry, **WONDERINGS** (Heinemann. 5s.), Mr. John Masefield has set down some recollections of childhood, "between one and six years." The verse is uneven in quality, since one can find such lines as the following:

"So kindest Sarah's spirit passed in grief,
Killed by the bitter gruel of 'relief,'"

among a great deal that is more worthy of the poet.

His best and most vivid imagery is of the scenes of the little country town where he lived as a small child within sight of the Welsh mountains. There he describes the market buildings, the barges on the canal, the farmsteads and the horses dragging the timber-wagons. These last, seen again through a child's eyes, take on a special glory.

"Their brasses bright, their mighty crests at strain,
With crack of whip-shot coming up the lane,
And where the narrow lane-end opened wide,
The corded carter ran ahead to guide,
Seizing the leading horse, who tossed his head
With jingle and snort, disdaining to be led.
Surely, the summit of man's glory was
To govern mighty horses hung with brass,
And bear a plaited lash with which to stun
The ear with whip-cracks sudden as a gun."

Mr. Masefield wanders as he wonders as far as the Colonies and the Dominions,

"To make new lands of freedom overseas,
In Canada and the Antipodes,"

and covers in his reflections on childish memories a great part of the earth's surface. Like all wanderers, he finds much that is already known, and a little that is new and precious.

Lately there has been a spate of books about the Navy and the Merchant Navy, some of them written by regular servicemen, some of them by men who have joined for the duration, and whose peacetime vocations are as disparate as 'cello playing, the practice of the law, light-fiction writing or the academic pursuits of the Don. In a preface to his excellent little book, **MEN DRESSED AS SEAMEN** (Christophers. 6s.), Mr. S. Gorley-Putt writes, "As more men of all sorts settle down in one or other of the Services, so, I fancy, must many of them lay aside the books they wanted to write about banking, badminton or the baroque, to set down something of the impact of their new life."

THE MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ENTERTAINER: Under an archway of swords held by his brother officers, Lieut. Rudy Vallee, now of the U.S. Coast Guard Service but formerly a well-known stage and radio entertainer, leaves the church after his marriage. His bride is Bette Jane Greer, and their marriage was celebrated at the Westwood Community Church in Los Angeles. The couple propose to spend their honeymoon in Arizona

Mr. Roger Furse, whose line drawings are an integral part of this volume and account for a great deal of its attraction, was well known for his decorations in the theatrical world. The author, who before the war was at home in the Universities of Cambridge and Yale, still counts the day on which he climbed to the crow's-nest as the proudest of his life, even though he reached it after a hazardous climb to find that the Divisional Officer had already sighted whatever there was to be seen, and he had to descend again immediately. That officer's "inaccurate but vocal delight at seeing 'a professor in the crow's-nest' made me wonder!"

One plea that Mr. Putt makes is most worthy of recording, since I do not remember seeing it phrased as plaintively as this before:

"When you come to entertain men dressed as seamen, E.N.S.A., remember sometimes that good music will go straight to the heart of my tough friend Murray. Come, C.E.M.A., find some way to take Anderson by the scruff of his neck and plant him inside an art gallery—he is much too modest to wander into one by himself—and show him a thing or two; you will find him more grateful than many a bored *habitué*. And, oh, you exasperating Forces Programme Planners, remember Nobby and his whippets, Deadwood Dick and his wood-carving, Harry Pike and his tin whistle; remember even the Old Vic for Peter! Do something to recall to us our individual sense of values, and you will do more for morale than by a thousand 'Into Battle' programmes: we know how to go into battle without prompting, thank you."

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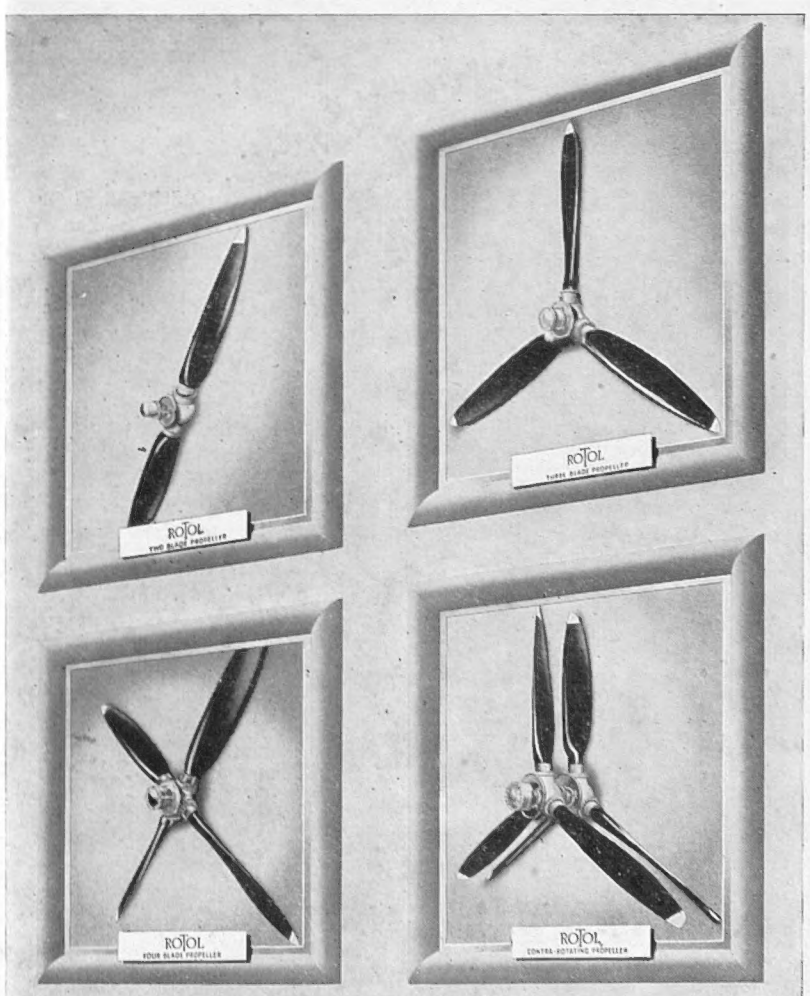

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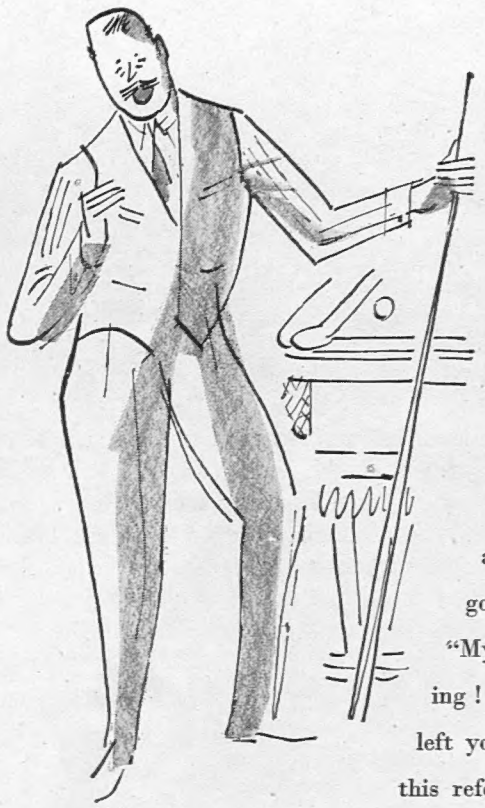
The man at the Club



He was a skilful opponent —though his cue shots were not nearly as telling as his verbal ones. After a good five minutes burst of "My dear chap! What cushioning! What control! *And* I've left you a snooker . . . . . "— this referring to his own play, I opened up my guns to tell him about cushioning. "Any steam engineer will tell you," I started, carelessly placing myself between him and the door, "that the *J.V.* Pressure Controller owes its astonishing sensitivity and efficiency of control to the fact that it operates not on the usual spring-impressed diaphragm system, but on the principle of pneumatic cushioning. Now don't interrupt. This *J.V.* Controller is instantly responsive to incredible variations in load and is also *Infinitely Variable*. And when peace returns, I predict that in the shipping, chemical, refining and other industries, you will find *J.V.* Pressure Controllers effecting considerable economies. Now, what about another hundred up." He declined. "I'm in shipping myself," he said. I'd like to hear more . . . ." *You can* hear more of the *J.V.* Pressure Controller by dropping a line to the Bell Punch Company Ltd.

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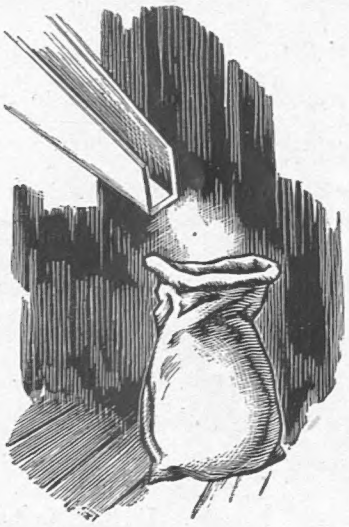

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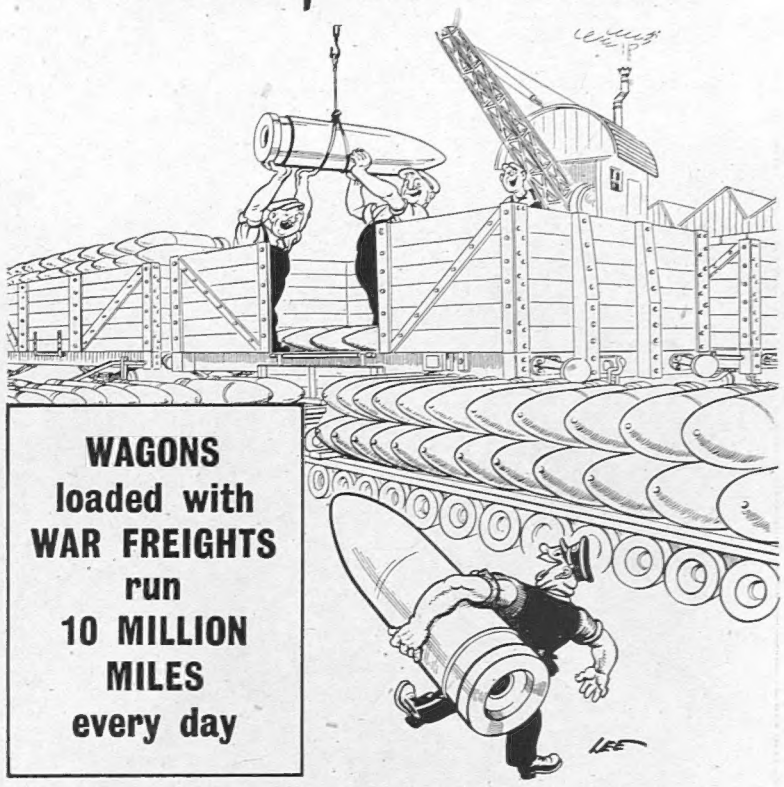

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